

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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AUSTRALIA IS 150 YEARS OLD

See
Middle
Pages

Nature's Old Masters TWO PRIMITIVE AUSTRALIANS

BEFORE it is too late Australia is taking care to keep on the continent two of the oldest Australians.

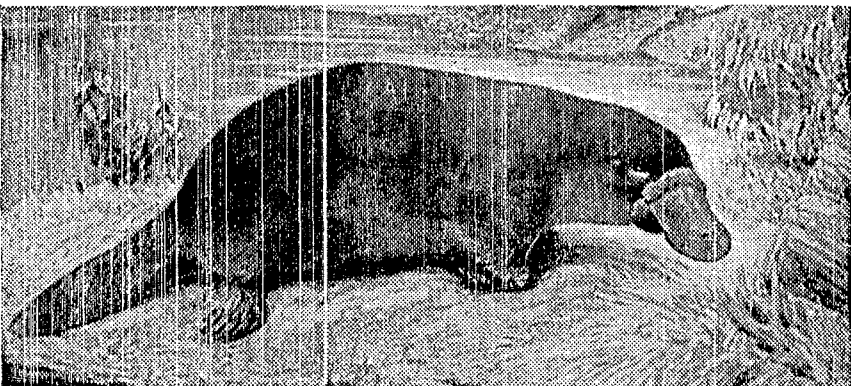
These two, the duck-billed platypus and the koala bear, were there long before any man set foot near their haunts. They were there long before the Flood, long before the mammoth disappeared from Europe, and before the land bridge which joined Australia to Asia was swamped by the Pacific.

Millions of years ago the duck-billed platypus haunted the small water-courses and creeks of the island continent, for it belongs to a species midway between the reptiles and the mammals, laying eggs from which its young are hatched. It has no apparatus to regulate the heat of its body and so must dwell in the cool recesses of streams.

It is the shyest of creatures, and only once has it been kept for any length of time in the artificial conditions of a zoo. One which was brought to Melbourne for a visit of a scientific association was never seen by any of the zoologists, because it persisted in hiding in the mud of the tank. It is vanishing from Australia with the small water-courses.

The koala bear is in a different plight. Australia has no large mammals, beyond the kangaroo tribe, to be hunted for their skins. But the ancient koala, no bigger than a good-sized Teddy bear, and as harmless, has a furry coat. This possession has led almost to its extinction by people whose souls are in their pockets.

Now Australia is showing that it believes these animals are rare beyond price. They are genuine Old Masters.



On the left, the quaint little duck-billed platypus; and above, Australia's koala bear

Four Years in Desert Asia—Bandits, Prison, and Mutiny

DR WILHELM FILCHNER has just returned to Berlin after four perilous years in the great wastes between China and India.

He is an explorer of whom Germany may well be proud, and not Germany alone but the whole world of exploration, which knows no frontiers. Dr Filchner readily expressed his gratitude for the help given him in times of desperate need by British representatives in those desert, lawless places.

Danger on the Horizon

Friends in need he wanted often, for in his four-year journey he had to face bandits and machine-guns, mutinies and prison. Hunger and thirst and illness were often the portion of himself and his companions, and danger was always on the horizon. Troubles began as soon as he left Lanchow in China, where he had spent the most peaceful six months of his enterprise in making friends with the Governor of Ching-chai and the Moslem General Ma.

Almost as soon as he had set off toward Tangar, on the border of Tibet, with a German monk, six Chinese, and 40 camels, trouble began. Bandits with

machine-guns and hand-grenades hovered on the outskirts of his camps, and when these had been left behind his Chinese servants, who had not his thirst for dangerous living, mutinied because they wanted to go back.

They little knew the sort of man with whom they had to deal. Filchner pushed on, skirting the great Tsaidam swamp, where the camels were no good and had to be exchanged for ponies. This threw further burdens on his unwilling followers, who mutinied again when they were well enough, which was not often, for mosquitoes and fever made everyone of them ill at times.

Relief came at Cherchen, where there was a British agent who in that solitary place did what he could for them; but when they came to Khotan the Padishah threw Filchner and his fellow German into prison, because they could not produce a passport into his domain which they had never possessed.

Wireless in Prison

Even a good photographic camera was not accepted when offered as a substitute. The camera was accepted, but the doctor remained in prison.

There he made for himself a rough wireless set, and listened for news—a curious sidelight on the character of the man, and of the universality of wireless, which reaches the world's most isolated places. If he had been caught with the wireless he might have been executed on the spot, but as it happened the Padishah marched off with his troops toward Kashgar leaving the prisoners in charge of a substitute.

Fed Worse Than Dogs

The substitute was in some ways worse than the Padishah. He treated the prisoners worse, and they were fed worse than dogs. But when things were darkest a ray of sunshine appeared in a visit from the British Consul-General from Kashgar. The Doctor contrived to let him know of the plight of himself and his companion, though the effort to make it known might have led to their death; and the British Consul got in touch with Berlin.

They waited in desperate anxiety for good news, being treated worse than ever while in suspense, but suddenly, without any reason given, they found themselves free.

They were free and they had enough money to buy some mules. On these they set off over the Himalayas. That was a journey of hardship and heavy going, if of less danger at the hands of men. It took a month, and when at last they came to Leh they were in rags and dropping with hunger and fatigue. But at Leh they found yet more Britons who took care of them and nursed them back to health.

No one will be astonished to learn that Dr Filchner is well satisfied with his journey.

Old Tommy

A very familiar figure in the streets of Denton, near Manchester, has retired from his labours.

He is Old Tommy, a 25-year-old horse, who after 19 years of hauling a coal lorry about the streets is now enjoying a well-earned retirement.

During the winter he will stay in his stable, and when the warmer weather comes he will go out to grass.

It is surely pleasant to know that in all his 25 years Tommy has never had the whip.

THE PRIMROSE PARSON

Half a Century in a Suffolk Village

A wonderful record of service to the Church of England in rural Suffolk has been broken by the passing of the rector of Uggheshall-with-Sotherton (Rev Arthur Ashton).

Mr Ashton was laid to rest in the little churchyard he had known as rector for 52 years. He was 84, and had been in the same parish longer than any other clergyman in the diocese of St Edmundsbury and Ipswich. He had the distinction of being only the fourth rector of the parish in just on 200 years.

An enthusiastic gardener, Mr Ashton was known as "the parson of primrose fame," and the walled-in garden of the rectory used to be one mass of yellow primroses every year. Forty years ago Mr Ashton first noticed a beautiful pinkish-mauve primrose among them. Although no special attention was given to it, the new strain continued, and Mr Ashton, convinced that an ordinary primrose had become pollinated with other flowers, started cultivating the new bloom, propagating and disseminating the plants each year. By 1934 he had more than 40,000 plants.

For Christmas Vases

The Countess of Stradbroke, whose husband was patron of the living during the whole of Mr Ashton's incumbency, was asked to name the new flower, and she chose Helio. Unlike many of the coloured primroses, the helio never once reverted, and what was at first the rector's hobby eventually became a small industry at the rectory. After exhibiting the new primroses at the Royal Horticultural Show in 1933 Mr Ashton offered them for sale. The helio primrose was usually available by Christmas, and each week until the middle of April the rector would pick and pack the flowers for dispatch to Covent Garden and Manchester. At one time he valued his plants at £1000.

A keen cyclist, Mr Ashton travelled 67,000 miles on his pedal machine before he gave up riding about four years ago.

The Soldier's Tribute

We learn from our New Zealand correspondence of a touching tribute paid to one of New Zealand's famous nurses, Miss Patrick, Director of Plunket Nursing in the Dominion.

Miss Patrick passed away a few months ago in London and was buried at Brookwood, thirty nurses meeting at the graveside. An old reader of the C.N., Mr Tythe Brown, was the sole representative of the Returned New Zealand Soldiers Association, while Mrs Brown represented the New Zealand Nursing Service, and a very pretty gesture was shown by a member of the British Legion who wished to pay tribute to the nurse who had looked after them so tenderly in the old war days.

The British Legion soldier gathered a quantity of heather from the graves of New Zealand soldiers in this country and placed it on Nurse Patrick's grave.

The French Cabinet

France has been experiencing one of her frequent changes of Government, a little difficult to understand in this country, because the fall of a French Ministry does not entail a General Election as it usually does with us.

There is no fear, however, of France departing from her democratic ideals, her troubles being solely financial and social. We must all hope the new Government will succeed in solving these problems for the stability of the franc affects this country and America very closely, and industrial peace is essential to the security of France.

Mr de Valera and His Olive Branch

The visit of Mr de Valera and his chief Ministers to London for the purpose of laying the foundations of friendly relations between the peoples of the two countries has been one of the most welcome happenings for many a year.

Whatever may be the result of the discussions between the two Governments, nothing but satisfaction can be expressed about the fact that the visit was so unexpected immediately after the new Constitution had been introduced. The calmness with which this country and the other countries of the Commonwealth faced the new situation may have had a great deal to do with this new alignment.

This country has nothing but friendly feelings towards its island neighbour, and world events have led the peoples of both to realise that their mutual peace and security lie in common aims rather than in quarrelsome friction.

Economic Links

In addition to being geographically, that is to say, strategically, linked with each other, they are bound by economic links which are essential to the future prosperity of both. In the first place, we are the Irishman's chief customer, about 95 per cent of his exports coming to this country and including practically all our live cattle, sheep, and pigs, to the value last year of nearly £9,400,000. On the other hand, Irish purchases from Great Britain amount to over £26,000,000 a year, a figure ranking with Canada and U.S.A., and bigger than any European country buys from us.

Only India, South Africa, and Australia are consistently better customers of this country. Coal, of course, is the chief of our exports to Ireland, and it was owing to her need for coal and our need for employment in our mines that the first steps were taken in the amelioration of the trade barriers that had been raised when Mr de Valera withheld the land annuities which this country had always regarded as her due.

It is to be hoped that as a result of Mr de Valera's visit steps will be taken to strengthen trade relations between the two countries; and, what is more important, to bring about a new respect for each other's point of view, the lack of which has caused so much strife in that past which we all wish to forget.

EVERYONE'S FRIEND

Happy Little Holland

Holland has been in the news again. All the world has been watching with a kindly smile the little country for whom nobody has anything but goodwill. It has never threatened anyone, desires no one's possessions but her own, and asks no more than to be allowed to improve them by her own industry and skill.

In her time she has made history, waging an unforgettable war in defence of her religion and her liberty; but her only conquest has been that of far Eastern seas by her navigators and merchantmen.

With Great Britain she has many ties, for though her Admirals, Van Tromp and De Ruyter, fought the English in the time of the Stuarts, it was to Holland that England turned to find a successor to them.

A Protestant wind bore Dutch William to our shores to become William the Third, who laid the foundations of a new peace in Europe. This Prince of Orange was one of the line of that House of Orange which returned to Holland a century and a quarter ago, and reigns there still.

Lastly, let it not be forgotten that it was in the reign of Queen Wilhelmina of that royal house that the Peace Palace at The Hague, the international court of arbitration, was founded.

JAPAN REPUDIATES CHINA'S GOVERNMENT

Extraordinary Claims

Having tried through the good offices of the German Ambassador to obtain her own terms of peace with China, terms which General Chiang Kai-shek refused with scorn, Japan has declared to the world that she will no longer recognise the Chinese Government.

In her official statement Japan has announced that she looks forward to the establishment of a new Chinese régime with which she will cooperate in the rejuvenation of China, respecting the territorial integrity and sovereignty of China and also the rights and interests of other Powers in that country.

In view of what has been happening during the past six months the rejuvenation of China seems to have been taking place in a form very different from that indicated in Japan's pronouncement. Her brutal conduct has naturally renewed the patriotic spirit which has so long been dormant, and the Chinese have no respect for those puppet governments which have been set up in the overrun territories.

Are these puppet governments the China to which the Great Powers are to accredit their embassies? Or are we to ask Japan before we make any approach to General Chiang Kai-shek and his Government?

Japan has given no hint of her future attitude toward those Powers who are as interested in the future of China as she is, and has only made mediation more difficult than before.

GERMANY SHORT OF WORKMEN

30,000 Labourers From Italy

This year 30,000 Italian agricultural labourers, both men and women, are to be employed in Germany.

These workers will wear uniforms and form organised gangs of from ten to 25 under foremen. A cook and an interpreter will be attached to each gang, and their food and housing will be free. They will be paid wages at the rates current in Germany and will be able to send their savings home.

The explanation given for this immigration, which has been agreed to by the two Governments, is that there is a shortage of agricultural labourers in Germany owing to the requirements of military training, and it is expected that as many as 100,000 will come from various countries.

Why We Cannot Go to Germany

By Forty-Eight Publishers

A group of 48 of the best-known American publishers have signed a manifesto explaining why they cannot attend an International Congress of Book Publishers at Leipzig. This is what they say:

Their admiration for Germany's publishing achievements remains unchanged; her methods have been a model for the world; but the book trade is gagged in Germany, as is the newspaper Press. No German publisher will dare to express opinions at Leipzig other than those dictated by Nazi officials.

It will be a display of ventriloquism; the publishing trade will be a puppet, but the voice will be the voice of German bureaucracy. Participation in a meeting in Germany with all the implications of such cooperation would be a contradiction of the very essence of our function as publishers. Our trade is a living symbol of the ideal of a free Press and its corollaries—free speech and free assembly. We cannot in courtesy give voice to our beliefs at a meeting in Germany nor can we humiliate ourselves by going there and keeping silent.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Caterham Bypass is to have an elevated traffic roundabout, with subways for pedestrians.

The Bishop of Blackburn sends his warmest thanks for a contribution to Blackburn Cathedral from "Mary who reads the Children's Newspaper."

To provide for increasingly heavy traffic, the Long Island Railway in New York is running a double-decker coach capable of carrying 136 passengers.

Two trawlers, the Ayrshire and the Fifehire, the biggest British trawlers ever put in the water, have been launched at Middlesbrough; they cost £30,000 each.

Figures just published suggest that in ten years there will be no children blind in this country; of a blind population of 70,000 less than 2000 are under 16.

Since the London Transport Board started its campaign against litter the litter baskets on the stations have to be emptied six times a day instead of twice.

The King is to open the Empire Exhibition in Glasgow on May 5.

Foreign music is now censored in Germany to "prevent the cultural life of the German people from undesirable and pernicious music."

Rumania has organised all children from 7 to 21 into a semi-military body called the Fatherland Guards.

Road Hogs Beware

Magistrates in New South Wales may soon have power to order road hogs to attach to their cars gadgets preventing a speed of over thirty m.p.h. This is one of the clauses contained in a new Bill just passed in New South Wales.

THINGS SEEN

Scores of apples on a tree in Kent in the middle of January.

Ice-cream and roasted chestnut stalls side by side at Caledonian Market.

A traffic light knocked down by a car, set up again, and knocked down again before the workmen were out of sight.

Fishing boats at Deal loaded almost to sinking-point with sprats.

Sixty thousand people laughing at a dog trotting on to a football ground with a ball.

THINGS SAID

If I were food dictator I would refuse to pass any diet which did not include a pint of milk daily.

Professor V. H. Mottram

The principle of the good neighbour remains the corner-stone of our foreign policy.

President Roosevelt

There is no conception of mind in the British Empire.

Federal Finance Minister of Canada

Herr Hitler is more absolute than any medieval emperor of Germany.

Mr W. E. Dodd, late U.S. Ambassador

Japan is knocking at the door of Australia. Professor A. F. Barker, Shanghai

All bicycles should have red lights.

A Chairman of County Magistrates

Fumes from gasworks, and the effects of our own burning fuel, have seriously affected some of our plants.

Assistant Director of Kew

I will pledge my political reputation that the Spanish Government forces will defeat Franco.

Mr J. J. Lawson, M.P., on his return from Spain

Herr Hitler is getting a little tired of Signor Mussolini rattling his sabre for him. Peterborough in the Daily Telegraph

I am a nuisance dedicated to sanity.

David Low

The game of life is the same as any other game; if you play it well you enjoy it.

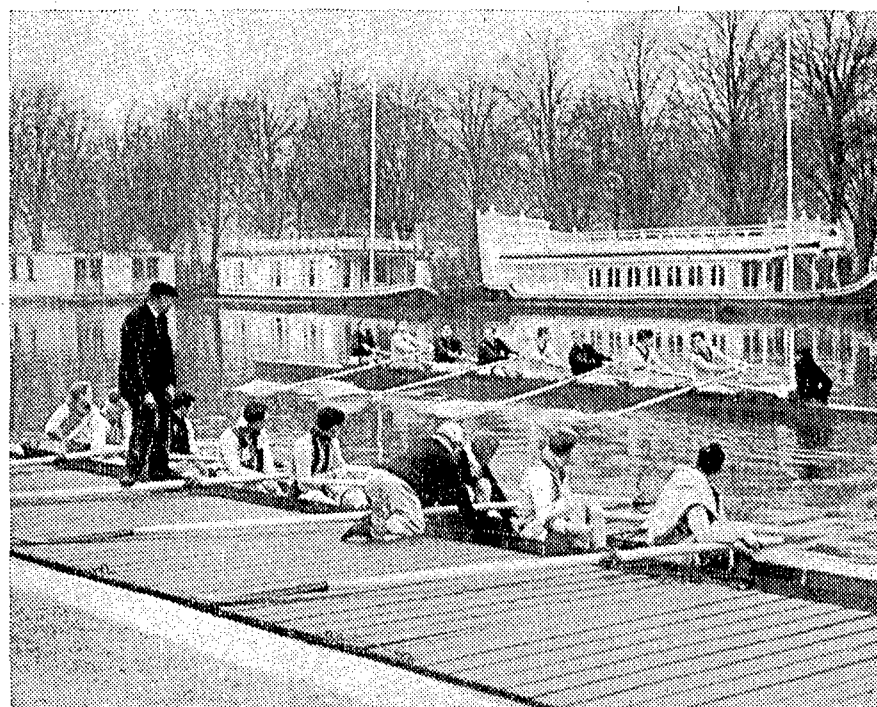
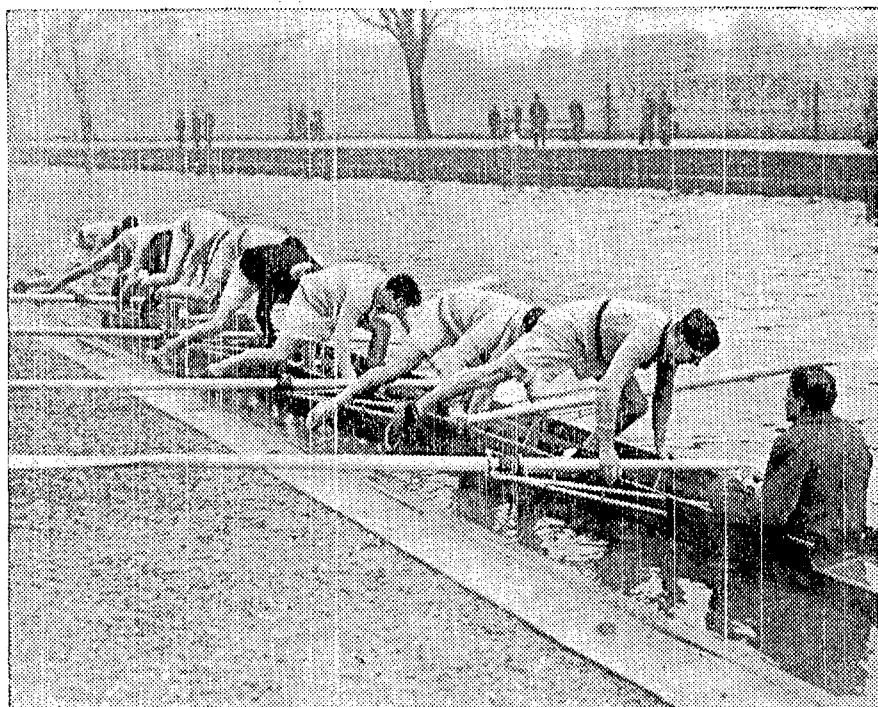
Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey

January 29, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

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Boat Race Preparations • Giant Kite • Hockey on the Sands



Preparing for the Boat Race—A trial eight setting out for a row on the Cam at Cambridge and, on the right, two Oxford trial eights at work



On Holiday—Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, enjoying his well-earned rest at Grasse on the French Riviera



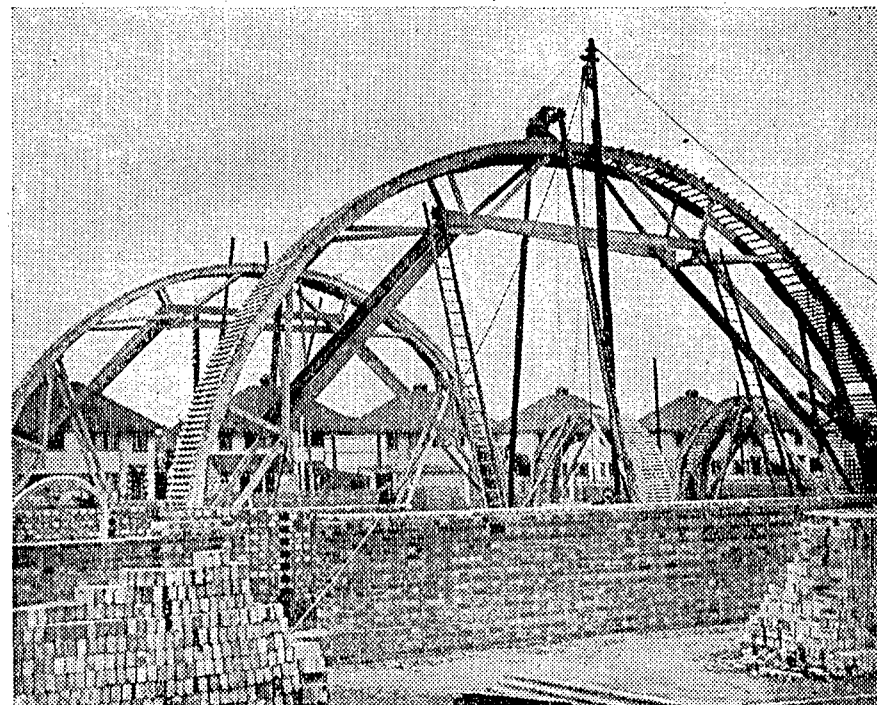
A Great Bird—Natives of Bali in the Dutch East Indies with a giant kite



The Old Chorister—Mr. Charles Wills of Bridge, near Canterbury, who has been singing in the parish church choir for 80 years. Mr. Wills is nearly 90



Hockey on the Sands—At low tide the sands at Broadstairs provide a splendid pitch for young hockey players



What is This? Wooden arches being used in the construction of a new church at Totton, Southampton

THE VISION SPLENDID

A School's Gallery of Pictures

For once the art critics agree, and for once the C.N. agrees with the art critics.

The best and brightest exhibition this season has brought to London is that of the 170 water-colours and drawings done by schoolgirls, which have been on view at the Zwemmer Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, and are to remain until January 29.

Here some fifty artists of the Langford Grove School, near Maldon in Essex, aged between nine and seventeen, expose their works for sale exactly as other artists. So often people go to exhibitions of children's work ready to say, "That's remarkable—for a girl of ten," or twelve, or fourteen, or whatever she is. But people come to this show and say, "But that girl can paint! That is exactly the picture I have been looking for to hang at the foot of the stairs: it will brighten up the whole house," and thus the little red labels that mean "sold" begin to bloom on the frames, the prices being from two to twelve guineas.

Where Everything Looks Right

Many a modern artist strives for the bright vision of the world that these schoolgirls see without striving. Many an older artist must envy them their skill in conveying the qualities of textures and space relationships with the utmost economy of means. Angela Penrose gives us a Lady at the Piano where everything is as right as it well could be in a rather complicated study. The Rose Shawl is another workmanlike treatment of textures and spaces.

Of the outdoor scenes we liked the colourful vigour of Harvest by S. Woodman-Smith, and the delicate sensitiveness of Low Tide by Eve Hinchcliffe. Never have we seen a boat abandon itself to inaction more completely than does the boat in this picture. The scene evokes a mood so completely that one can almost smell mud. Another picture by this artist walks away with the laurels of the whole exhibition: Black and White Beauty. The beauties are swans. We looked and looked at it and knew it was magnificent because of the sense of peace and harmony it brought to our heart. It was only when we read The Times that we knew why: it has something of the large dignity of a Sung painting, says The Times critic.

Regarded as Fun

Had an Art School achieved these results we would think well of it. That they have come from a school where the Art Mistress makes but one weekly visit makes them all the more surprising. The only clue the head-mistress gives for the solution of the puzzle is this: Painting at Langford Grove is regarded as fun, and those who like this sort of fun are given individual encouragement.

Whatever the method, whatever the inspiration, we are grateful for the results. They have done much to brighten dark January in London by allowing grown-ups to share youth's bright vision of this splendid world.

Girls of the Langdon Grove School, we thank you.

The Cat Among the Peas

This little story has been sent to us on the authority of one who knows that it is true.

One day a lorry drove into Covent Garden from Wisbech, and the lorry driver began to unload its sacks of peas when out of the middle of the sacks jumped a cat. The cat crossed the road, jumped on to an empty lorry which was going back to Wisbech, and arrived home safely.

What Are They Fighting For? CHINKS IN SPAIN'S ARMOUR

WHAT are they fighting for in Spain, and what will they do with it?

As the war enters on its second year the reasons become more and more confused. At the beginning it looked like a revolt of the nobility and gentry, aided by the military and the clerics, against the Republican Government.

Then, as the combatants sought to advertise their cause, the strife was labelled as one of Nationalists against Communists, Anarchists, and Syndicalists. The Nationalists under Franco, with his German and Italian armies, became Fascists. The other side, we were given to understand, were merely Reds of varying hues.

It is now becoming known that there are shirts of varying colours among Franco's supporters. There are Requetes and Phalangists.

The Requetes, who wear red berets, are semi-antique, dating from a time a century ago when Don Carlos was a pretender to the throne and the Carlists were a power in the land. Under their banner they have now enlisted the grandees, the clergy, and the landowners.

The Phalangists, who prefer the name of Fascists, and wear a dark blue cap

as a mark of distinction, have other views, one of which is that they must win over the common people to their side. How they are to do so by slaying them is not clear, but such is their hope, added to another expectation, put into words by one of the Phalangists, that when the war is over there will not be any large landowners!

The Phalangists are more numerous, three million as compared with 800,000 Requetes, but we imagine that the Requetes find the sinews of war. The Phalangists, on the other hand, are preparing to secure the jobs in any new government General Franco may succeed in establishing. But he has not succeeded as yet!

Before he can do so he must first repair the divisions between his own Phalangist and Requete supporters, and then, if he can, persuade the opposite side to come to terms if he cannot beat them.

He cannot do one of these things without the other; and if it were not that the Spaniard above all things loves a bull fight we might hope that the growing realisation of this dilemma would point the way to peace.

Jerusalem's New Temple THE STORY OF PALESTINE

IN Jerusalem the new Museum of Palestinian antiquities which has been opened there should have been a temple of reconciliation.

Half the world has contributed to it and watched it rise with admiration and sympathy. Mr John D. Rockefeller's inexhaustible generosity found the money for its building. Archaeologists of all countries have contributed their assistance. An English architect and an English sculptor have designed its form and decoration. The Government found the site at the north-east corner of Jerusalem, where it looks on the Mount of Olives and the mountains of Jerusalem.

Its gardens are enriched with olive trees from Bethlehem, and within its walls are treasures which are significant of the written and unwritten history of the Holy Land since its beginning. Among them is the skull of a Neanderthal man, found at Galilee before any empire, Egyptian, Hittite, or Assyrian, was known. Its discovery led to the research into the pre-history of this meeting-place of races; and the one

dark blot on the inauguration of the museum was that Mr J. L. Starkey, the archaeologist who had been excavating at the Lachish of the Bible, could not be there, because he had been slain by marauding Arabs.

The story of the Bible finds new illustration in the galleries. Ivories from Samaria were one of the possessions of Ahab, brought to his "ivory house" as part of the dowry of Jezebel of Tyre. Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities reveal the position which Palestine occupied as a trade route between those empires. The days when an industrial and peaceful Arab people were workers in clay and pottery are recalled by examples of their work; and the occupations of the land by Roman and Byzantine as well as by Yussuf ben Eyub, whom the Crusaders called Saladin, is clearly revealed.

From the dawn of history Palestine, as the Museum reveals, has been the battle-ground of peoples. In spite of the ill augury of the days of its opening, we may hope that it will become the place of Peace.

Japanese to Chinese THE PEOPLE HAVE NO ILL-WILL

It is never the peoples who make war upon one another.

It is startling at the present time to learn of a Japanese society sending to a Chinese one "a message of gratitude and greetings for your esteemed organisation."

This has been done, however, by the National Christian Council of Japan to the same body in China.

At their annual meeting in Tokyo the Japanese Council recalled the visit some of its representatives had made to China in 1937, as guests of the Chinese society. Friendly words were exchanged then, and prayers were offered together that the two nations might live in peace. But "since that time," writes the Japanese Council, "hostilities have broken out between our two nations and brought on the present calamity. We grieve with a grief so deep that we find it impossible to give it full expression. Especially

so since we had looked forward to a visit of representatives from your esteemed organisation, which would have greatly enlivened our gathering and contributed much toward promoting friendly relations between our two peoples."

The letter goes on to speak of the time when the war will be over and the Christians of the two countries can work together to heal the wounds made by the clash. It ends with thanks to the Chinese for their kindness to the Japanese visitors last spring, and expresses the belief that "we are fully one in our prayers."

It is encouraging to be reassured that there are some things war cannot kill. This expression of continuing friendship is not one-sided, for Chinese students, though they were unable to be represented at the meeting in Tokyo, have written similarly, declaring that they have no hatred for the people of Japan.

WARWICKSHIRE'S WELCOME

Praise For Its King's England Volume

One quarter of the King's England volumes, in which the Editor is surveying the towns and villages of England and all that is in them, is now completed. The country's welcome to this vast enterprise has been remarkable, and we give below a few opinions of the Warwickshire volume. The books are published by Hodder and Stoughton.

More than a mere history of Warwickshire, and far more than a guide-book, it contains not only the romantic stories of the far-distant past, written in a vivid style, but a true picture of Warwickshire today. The whole is so brisk and concise that there is a continuity about it which makes it as easy to read straight through as a novel. Name almost any place in the county and you will find its qualities and its story in Arthur Mee's study. Midland Daily Telegraph

... history book that reads like a novel. It might have seemed almost impossible that either writer or artist could create a new Warwickshire, either in word or picture, but it has been done. Arthur Mee takes the wealth of historical material that belongs to Warwickshire, and with the unrivalled pastoral background of the county builds for us in the easy-flowing, graphic style of his a vision of the past that is of epic quality. Rugby Observer

Here is no dry history, guide, or reference book on our county, but one which, in that enchanting style so characteristic of Arthur Mee, gives a glowing picture of every town, village, and hamlet of the leafy shire which forms the very heart of England. It is a beautiful book. Nuneaton Observer

It fully justifies the publisher's claim that no other book has done for Warwickshire what this book does. The book is no ordinary guide-book, but pulsates with romance. It is a real and valuable contribution to the literature of Warwickshire. Coventry Herald

It gave me more pleasure to read than any other work which I have of a similar character, and that is no light praise, for at my elbow stands a bookcase nearly full of Warwickshire books. Coventry Standard

This remarkable survey of Warwickshire describes all that the county has to describe. The compilers of these volumes have prepared a unique picture of our countryside. Worcestershire Advertiser

This volume on Warwickshire is at once a popular and an exhaustive work of local history and topographical description. To say that it is charmingly written is to presuppose the unlikely: that you are unacquainted with Mr Mee's work. Coming from its publishers, it is quite as unnecessary to add that it is finely produced. So far as I have been able to check up Mr Mee's facts by the best authorities available, I am struck by the trustworthiness of his details. Mr Mee lays all Warwickshire folk under a lasting debt of gratitude. Birmingham News

A noteworthy and valuable addition to the literature of Shakespeare's county. Rugby Advertiser

A Cruel Fellow

The bird-catcher, using decoy birds, is still to be seen carrying out his evil practices in the north of England.

Not long ago one was noticed using a bullfinch in a small cage as a decoy. The bird's notes lured other finches to twigs which the catcher had smeared with birdlime, whereby they were trapped and captured.

This bird-catcher, however, added to his offence by taking hold of the trapped birds and attempted to cleanse their sticky feet by pouring petrol over them.

One can only wish that an official of the R S P C A had caught him in the act.

THE POLICEMAN AND THE POPE

When the Pope raised Cardinal Hinsley to the purple in Rome he told the Cardinal the story of a London policeman who once directed him.

Lost in London, the Pope asked a policeman to guide him. The constable pencilled his route on a map, and the Pope set off to follow it. He had not gone far when he heard someone running behind and looked back to see the policeman chasing him. "Excuse me," said the breathless policeman, "I remember that I have shown a turn to the right instead of to the left."

"I have never forgotten the courtesy and kindness of the London policeman," the Pope added.

22,000 KINDS OF WOOD

Mr R. Goddard, the Gloucester man who makes lovely pictures from bits of wood by applying natural wood chips to give the required colours, has declared that there are 22,000 kinds of wood in the world with every variety of shade necessary for accurate colouring.

THE MAYOR'S ACRE

A quiet retreat for old people, a piece of land where games are not to be played, has been added to the Malden Sports Ground; it was bought by Malden's first mayor, and is to be called the Mayor's Acre.

WORSE THAN COALS TO NEWCASTLE

A greater irony than carrying coals to Newcastle is now revealed on the other side of the world.

With her 110 million sheep Australia is the greatest wool-producing land in the world. But Mr Mair, a member of the New South Wales Legislature has called the attention of his Government to the fact that the importation of synthetic wool into Australia has reached such dimensions as to affect the continent's chief industry.

We need not suppose that artificial wool can be more cheaply produced for sale across the world than the natural wool in Australia, but countries like Germany and Italy are in such need of foreign currency that they sell abroad manufactured articles at less than it has cost to produce them at home.

THE OLD PLOUGH

Using a plough which had been 45 years in his family, and with which his father won 263 championships, Mr J. Dixon, of Glebe Farm, Billingham-on-Tees, Durham, has won his eighty-fifth ploughing championship at Bedlington.

Crimes of a Crow

Jo-Jo, a tame crow living at Florham Park, New Jersey, has set up a reign of terror in the neighbourhood.

He pecks holes in the roofs of the houses, he raids the milk bottles, tearing off the stoppers and spilling the contents. He loves clothes-pegs and the women find their yashing on the ground. One resident estimates her loss at two dozen pegs a month.

Any flower vase in an open window is sure to be upset, and all tin cans are scattered out of the dustbins.

Mr George Forsythe, who owns a restaurant, found a number of neat holes in the roof of his new car. The culprit

also devoured the porridge meant for his son's breakfast, and ending up by going off with the cup.

Motorists of Florham Park are very annoyed with Jo-Jo because of his passion for windscreen wipers; he is very clever at detaching them.

Jo-Jo would have met the gangster's fate long ago, but that he is protected by the entire boy and girl population of the town. He loves going to school like Mary's lamb, often riding on the roof of some car. He has even been known to ride on a fire-engine.

The one thing he keeps a very sharp eye on is a man with a gun.

THE FILM IN PRISON

The cinema has gone to prison. Wakefield Prison, the centre of prison reform in this country, has been presented with a cinema apparatus, and the Governor intends to show films of an educational nature to prisoners.

CALLING A BUS

Electrical signalling devices for the benefit of bus passengers at Request Stops have been installed in the streets of Hyde, Cheshire.

They are the first in the country. Over the usual Request Stop is a sign Bus Wanted, and a passenger wanting a bus operates a press button switch. Immediately the sign lights up and the passenger is floodlit and in full view of the driver. When the switch is released the lights go out.

CANDLE-POWER

The biggest concentration of beam candle-power ever seen in Australia will be assembled to light Sydney Harbour bridge as part of the celebrations of the 150th anniversary of the British Settlement in Australia. A beam candle-power of 17,400,000 will be used.

A CROCODILE WINS

A fierce fight between a shark and a crocodile was watched the other day by a shooting party on the Adelaide River in Australia, 50 miles from Darwin.

The shark was seven feet long and the crocodile three feet longer. With a terrific sweep of its tail the crocodile sent the shark flying into the air, and then dived into the muddy water, which was soon beaten into foam in the struggle.

The end was sudden. The exhausted shark came slowly to the surface, but was dragged down again by the crocodile.

WHO SAID IT FIRST?

An American writer has been tracking the first use of a number of well-known expressions, and here is what he makes of some of them:

A bone to pick: 1565

Beat about the bush: Heywood, 1546

Against the grain: Dryden, 1673

Apple-pie order: Scott, 1813

Carry coal to Newcastle: 1662

Elbow grease: Grose, 1785

Feather one's nest: Greene, 1590

Dead as a door-nail: Harvey, 1593

Butter-fingered: Markham, 1615

To which we may add

Litter Lout: CN, long ago.

THE MUSEUM IN THE FIELD

Sussex is to have a new museum, and it is being built in a ploughed field far from any house.

It is to stand beside the Roman villa which was discovered at Wiggonholt last year, and we are glad to learn that Captain Clive Pearson is roofing the best part of the villa instead of filling in the excavations. Among other things the museum will contain 70 coins, a bronze razor and hairpin, flint marbles, a piece of window glass still in its wooden frame, and a tile marked with the footprint of a dog which was apparently chasing a cat.

EVERY BULLET TELLS A STORY

It is said that hundreds of chewed bullets have been dug up in America in places where the armies fought in Revolutionary times.

In those days a wounded soldier going through a major operation, such as having his leg or arm cut off, was given a bullet to chew on. It helped him to bear the pain and lessened his screams. Many of these bullets were chewed flat by human teeth.

AMERICA'S PRIDE IN SHIPS

The United States is determined to be second to none in the world of shipping.

She now has some ten million tons of ocean-going merchant vessels, as compared with only two millions in 1914. The days are no more when months would pass in an important port without sight of the Stars and Stripes. America is already a good second to Britain.

Heavy subsidies are now to be paid to secure the building of 38 new ships this year, and it is hoped to increase the number to 48.

A VILLAGE AND ITS NAME

A little village in Yorkshire is apparently not sure of its own name.

It is in the West Riding, and various signposts give it as Kesborough, Texborough, and Kesbrough. In the bus timetable and the post office it is called Kexborough, and the newspapers often refer to it as Mexborough.

The residents prefer the Domesday Book spelling of it, which is Kesborough, and are trying to keep it at that.

ANOTHER CHANCE

Boys who are ambitious to become London policemen have a better chance now than ever, for the minimum height has been reduced by an inch.

Hitherto no one could belong to the Metropolitan Police unless he stood five feet nine inches, but now there are a limited number of vacancies for men between 20 and 25 who are only five feet eight. They must be well built and well educated.

CARRYING ON BEHIND THE LINES

While the Spanish Civil War grows ever more intense, the trade of Spain actually recovers.

What we have to picture are long lines of fire behind which the indomitable courage of men and women enables them to live by patient labour. It is difficult to know which to admire more, the fortitude of people in towns constantly threatened by air attack or the courage of workers carrying on with the business of life, ploughing and sowing and reaping.

Spanish output and trade were very bad in 1936, but improved last year. We are now receiving plenty of ore from the North. In the first nine months of 1935, before the Civil War, our imports from Spain were worth £7,400,000; in the first nine months of 1937 they were £6,600,000. Surely that is very remarkable.

THE VASTNESS OF AMERICA

It may help us to understand the vastness of the United States and the difficulty of governing it if we remember that it took two years to count the local governments of three million square miles of territory.

The number came out at 175,418, according to a survey published by Professor Anderson of the University of Minnesota. It includes 127,000 school districts, 20,000 townships, 16,000 incorporated cities or villages, 3000 counties, and 8600 miscellaneous sewer districts, park districts, and mosquito abatement districts, each having the power to tax.

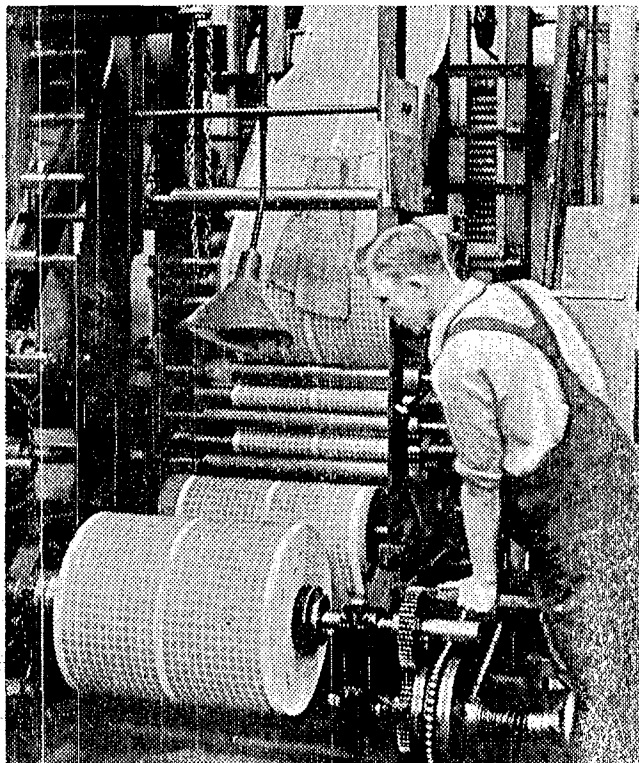
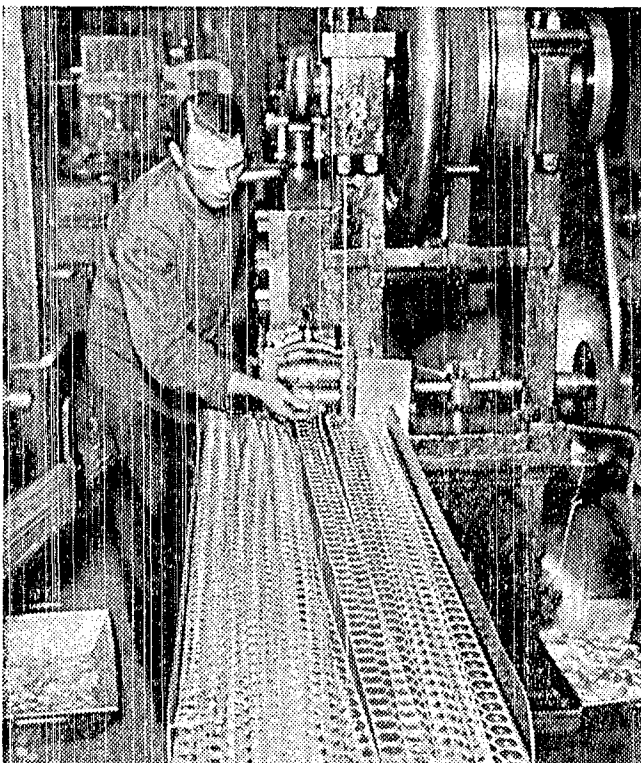
A BANK FOR WOMEN

There is a branch of the United Banks of Rotterdam which is entirely managed by women and women cashiers. All its customers are women. It was started ten years ago and is most successful.

THE YOUNG OFFENDER

From Sweden comes news that youthful offenders there may be sent to special youth prisons for indefinite periods, release depending upon conduct and successful training. The conditional sentence is judged by a committee which studies each case.

It is said that the system is having excellent results. It cures the offender as a physician cures his patient.



Money in the Making

On the left, a machine at the Royal Mint which stamps out from metal strips the blanks for two-shilling pieces; and, above, scores of thousands of postage stamps coming from the printing press

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 29 1938

The World's Biggest Target

GREATER LONDON building has been proceeding so rapidly, as its area has become the greatest commercial and industrial centre in the world, that it has created grave problems which are almost insoluble.

Visitors to London who have not seen it for some time are astounded and bewildered by the conditions of traffic that have arisen, especially at the rush hours of morning and evening. Trains, tubes, coaches, buses, and trams become packed with struggling crowds of people who cannot avoid inflicting severe discomfort on each other.

To take one example out of many, in North Surrey seven boroughs have together increased their population in only six years by 130,000 people, many of them constant travellers to the centre. In Middlesex, Kent, and Essex the number of people who have need to travel has multiplied exceedingly since the time of the war.

It is often forgotten that it is not so easy to provide transport of persons from the outer ring to the heart of London as it is to run a water-pipe or an electric cable. So the overcrowding of tubes and railways increases.

But another problem is raised by the expansion of the national capital, and this is the more serious one of its defence.

London and its environs contain about a quarter of the entire population of England and Wales.

Thus is presented to a prospective enemy a target which cannot be missed. It is at the south-east extremity of England, within a short flight of the Continent. Nowhere else in the world has a situation of such extreme peril been created and permitted to grow.

The Traffic Advisory Committee has reported to the Ministry of Transport that it is difficult to arrange hours of work so that different businesses shall begin and end work at different hours, to spread coming and going over a longer period of time. So many trades are interlocked that they must work together. Nevertheless, something can and must be done in this direction.

The defence problem is even more difficult, but it is surely time that the Government took power to prevent any further building of works in or near London.

Whether in their peace or war aspects, there must be reasonable planning in the affairs of a great people if they are to live together in comfort and safety.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Courage Survives

It is often said that courage is going out of the world in these days. We wonder.

Terence Lappin, of Pendleton, Lancashire, is only six. The other day he went to play football with his friends and hurt his leg. He hopped home, half a mile, on one foot; and four hours later his father came home, took him to Salford Hospital, where it was found that the leg was broken. *Yet this small Lancashire lad had never made a moan.*

There were heavy seas at Runswick, near Whitby. Nearly every able-bodied man in the fishing fleet was out and a call came for the lifeboat to stand by. The women rushed knee-deep into icy water and launched the boat; and stayed on duty till their men came ashore to relieve them, *Grace Darlings every one.*

In Madrid

In a letter from Madrid:

THE Government provided every inhabitant of Madrid with an egg as a special Christmas treat; an egg is a rare treat there nowadays. Several people called on were not in—had gone to fetch their egg.

Eighteen a Day

THE road deaths in 1937 are officially stated to have been 18 a day. The precise number for the year was 6591.

Reckoning the day as twelve hours this means the death of three people every two hours!

Moreover, owing to the inclement weather, many cars were laid up during large parts of November and December. *This saved many lives, probably at least a hundred.*

Jazz Stuff

LONDONDERRY has decided that no jazz may be played on the Guildhall organ.

The reason given is that it is injurious to the instrument. If that reason should fail to impress the opposition may we suggest that it is injurious to those who hear it?

Children's Clinics

BATTERSEA is to open a children's clinic at every child welfare centre in the borough this spring.

This follows on a report by the Medical Officer of Health that 42 per cent of the children who attended the only children's clinic in Battersea had something wrong at the age of three for which treatment was needed.

So much can be done for children when they are very young that we hope the Battersea example will be widely followed.

Why Not Slow Down?

WE are sorry to see that the little water-tower through which London motorists ride on to Chislehurst Common is to come down; the local council has decided on its destruction by one vote, in the face of opposition.

It is to come down to enable motorists to go a little faster, and we may well ask ourselves what is to be the end of a craze for speed which pulls down every old and beautiful thing that stands in its way. Why should a beautiful gateway come down so that a motorist can save a few seconds? *What does it matter whether a motorist saves a few seconds or not?*

The truth is that it would be a good deal better if a few more beautiful things were put in the way of the motorist and his speed.

Tip-Cat

A WELL-KNOWN actor has become a motoring enthusiast. Prefers headlights to footlights.

A LONDONER declares he always stops to salute Big Ben. But Big Ben doesn't stop.

A SCHOOL teacher says one should try to keep children in a good temper. Let someone else keep the others.

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If making sunblinds is a shady business



AN artist who paints seascapes tries to show the motion of the sea. Permanent waves.

A BUSINESS man gets through a good deal of business at the luncheon table. Not to mention food.

HAROLD LLOYD's spectacles are said to be worth only fourpence. But they have helped him to see the way to success.



THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE mineral output of Canada reached the record figure of over £90,000,000 last year.

THE appeal for wireless sets for the blind has brought in over £21,000.

JUST AN IDEA

As winter is the time when vitality is low, is it not also the time when we should try to keep in high spirits, not only for our health's sake, but for the comfort of others?

Unmerited Applause

BROADCASTING, with a thousand things to its credit, has still a few to its discredit.

We used to hear much in the old days of faked applause at theatres, but are we for ever to endure those rounds of B B C applause which have no relation to the merit of the thing applauded? Those who are responsible for much of this unmerited approbation either do not understand music or, knowing that what they hear is worthless, affect a superior judgment enabling them to detect beauty and merit where it is not.

Now comes one to our aid, Mr Ernest Newman, perhaps the most eminent of all our musical critics. He has been writing in the Sunday Times that the specimens of modern music that have captivated the public could be counted on the fingers of one hand. He goes on to declare that the new counterpoint (the combining of melodies) is largely another name for technical incompetence, and often results in mere cacophonous nonsense.

His adjective is from cacophony, which means *bad noise*. Yet we may rest assured that when next another piece of the kind is played before a B B C audience there will be clapping and cheering fit for a massed choir of nightingales.

David Gray

THERE was born at Merkland in Scotland 100 years ago this week a poet whose fame rests upon one poem. He was David Gray, who came into the world on January 29, 1838.

The son of a hand-loom weaver, he managed to give himself a university career. He became a contributor to a Glasgow paper, and later came to London, sleeping in Hyde Park on the night of his arrival. The cold he caught then settled on his chest, and he was never afterwards in good health. Lord Houghton was kind to him, and other friends rallied round him, but he went home to die in 1861, a dreamer whose little life was done soon after he had crossed the threshold of manhood.

It is for his poem *The Luggie* that he is remembered. The title is the name of the stream he knew as a boy, and the poem is full of a haunting beauty and has promise of great descriptive power. Its publication was long delayed, but his end was brightened by the arrival of the printed proofs only a few hours before he breathed his last.

The Knight's Good-Night

O mortal folk, you may behold and see How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight:

The end of joy and all prosperitee Is death at last, thorough his course and might:

After the day there cometh the dark night,

For though the daye be never so long At last the bells ringeth to evensong

Stephen Hawes

WHAT ANY TOWN CAN DO

Woolwich Sweeps a Blot Away

*Every Child a Friend;
Every Child a Chance.*

A Woolwich Motto

We have been looking at a little booklet full of great encouragement to those who live in cities, for from it we gather that a London borough which 50 years ago had the highest deathrate in London has reduced it until today its deathrate is the lowest.

The town with the proud achievement of sweeping so foul a blot away is Woolwich, and the book we have been reading is an account of the 45 years' work of the Woolwich and District Invalid Children's Aid Association, whose first chairman, Mr C. H. Grinling, has been made the first Freeman of the town. We have given the motto of the Association above.

Published and paid for by the Rotary Clubs of Woolwich, and introduced by the Minister of Health, who has represented this town in Parliament since 1918, the book its council has just issued (Forty-Five Years) tells the story of the Woolwich Invalid Children's Aid Association from its beginnings in 1892. It has been compiled by its chairman, Mr Arnold Heddle, and a fine record it is.

Woolwich was indeed a foul place half a century ago. In 1890 it had the highest general deathrate of all the 43 London Sanitary Areas and the 31st highest infantile deathrate. Today, with its neighbour Lewisham, it has the lowest.

More Workers Needed

In 1891 a conference on Work Among Children was held in the rooms of the local branch of the Charity Organisation Society, and a committee was formed to aid afflicted children. The chairman of this committee was Mr C. H. Grinling, who held this position for 14 years and is still a member of it.

The aim of the committee was not only to give surgical help but also to ensure that each child had a visitor who would become the friend of the child and its parents. By the autumn of 1892 there were 60 children under the care of this new society, and a year later the number had doubled, with 28 friends visiting 77 children every week.

In 1907 an Eye Clinic was opened, and in 1911 a Remedial Clinic, where there are now 7000 attendances a year. With the expansion of Woolwich the need for this splendid association has increased, and, though the parents and friends of each child have always contributed all they could to the cost of treatment or convalescence, the association still requires more personal workers and more funds.

We trust that both will be forthcoming, for to assist in the speedy return to health of an ailing child, and to help to turn a physically defective child into a self-supporting citizen, is no mean accomplishment for any town.

History in a Lake

Legend says that a drowned village lies at the bottom of Semmer Water in North Yorkshire.

The inhabitants treated a traveller with cruelty, the story goes, and he commanded the waters to rise—a legend common to many lakes and tarns, such as Urrswick Tarn in North Lancashire.

The level of Semmer Water has now been lowered for draining purposes, and implements and household tools have been found in the beds of streams leading from it, along with the bones of oxen and red deer. It is now believed that it existed as an ancient British hamlet of Lake Dwellings.

Lyme Park, the glorious natural park at Disley, near Stockport, is likely to be closed to the public if the Litter Lout does not mend his ways there.

NATIONS IN FRENZY

YOUNG people, and perhaps some of their elders too, viewing the mournful state of the world, are apt to imagine that the things we see are without precedent in history, that nations have for the first time gone mad.

The truth is that history is but once again repeating the grim, pitiless tales of which her older chapters have been too often composed.

The persecution of the Jews in Germany, the frenzy of hostility to them now rising in Rumania, are but echoes, heard centuries late, of the wrongs done against these hapless people in our own land under our Norman and Plantagenet kings. We robbed, we tortured, we expelled them as completely as Spain and Portugal did later.

The persecution of Russians by Russians in Russia has also its parallel in our own records. Not a man in Russia today, apart from the immediate circle attached to Stalin (and not even all these), is safe. Throughout the entire administration, naval, military, civil, diplomatic, commercial, and industrial, men have been accused of crimes we know they cannot have committed. They have all pleaded guilty to the most fantastic accusations, made by men who evidently believed them, against persons high and low who have been bemused into asserting their guilt and crying out for the infliction of the extreme penalty.

We are witnessing a return of the mass hysteria that comes in the wake of disaster, or protracted suffering and excitement. Russia has endured the agony of war followed by a terrible

revolution and consequent famine and destitution.

So in the emotional decades that brought wholesale accusations of witchcraft against young and old in our midst, people repeatedly charged themselves with the impossible offence and died on their own false confessions, as do these men who implicate themselves in Russia.

But we find other parallels on a wider scale. Our ancestors of Stuart times, shaken by the Great Plague of 1665, followed by the horrors of the Great Fire of the succeeding year, sank into a hysteria resembling that which oppresses Russia today.

As the Romans blamed the Christians for the burning of Nero's Rome, so Londoners blamed France and the Roman Catholics for burning London, an event, they said, that was to be followed by a French invasion simultaneously with a Roman Catholic rising here. Roman Catholics and Frenchmen in London were dragged from their homes and beaten, and the worst fears as to the cause of the disaster were realised when a London Frenchman named Hubert, wrought to distraction, gave himself up to the authorities, declaring that he had started the fire in pursuance of a plot to which he was a party.

Placed on trial, the wretched man convinced the judge that he was hysterical, but the jury convicted him on his own confession, and he was executed for a crime of which he was as innocent as many of those which men confess and die for in Russia today.

Old Rudolph's Glass Flowers

OLD Rudolph Blaschka of Hosterlitz in Moravia has made his last glass flower.

For fifty years he has been making them, with no one in the world to touch him for skill; but now that he is over 80 blindness is overtaking him, and he can no longer see well enough for the delicate work.

It was in 1887 that Rudolph and his father sent the first specimen of it to Harvard University, U.S.A., and so beautiful was the glass flower that the Harvard Botanical Museum eagerly asked for more. Year by year the flowers were sent. They took a long time to

make, with only two pairs—and afterwards only one pair—of hands to mould the glass into such delicate shapes and tint them, but when the last flower reached America a few weeks ago the museum had acquired examples in glass of 720 species of flowering plants, and 3000 sections and magnified details as well.

The collection is famous all over America, and thousands of visitors come every year to the museum to see it. Old Rudolph in his last years will not suffer from want. An American lady who greatly admired his work left a legacy to provide him with a pension when he should need it.

The Weather Experts

BOYS and girls are among the weather experts of the north of England.

They are young meteorologists, but are enthusiastic, and the material they and their predecessors have gathered in nine years is of considerable importance.

To meet these experts we have to come to Barrow-in-Furness, where, at the Council School, is a meteorological station, with climatic records kept with unflinching regularity. Even on Saturdays and Sundays the children carry out their duties, and wind and rain, hail and snow, are nothing to them. In spite of the worst weather conditions they go up to the exposed station on rising ground behind the school, and there take

readings showing the velocity of the wind, the hours of sunshine, the inches of rainfall, ground temperatures and shade temperatures, noting all down with a precision worthy of scientists four times their age.

The readings are all preserved with a view to making a general survey of the weather conditions of this part of Lancashire. A summary of them is published every month, and rainfall readings are sent to the Air Ministry. How useful these figures are is proved by the fact that the Ministry of Health asked to be supplied with some of them, and a solicitor once applied for details in connection with a lawsuit.

The Very First Known Men

HALF a million years have been taken off the age of the oldest human being, whom Dr Dubois found in Java 40 years ago.

But this strange creature, named by Dubois Pithecanthropus Erectus, the Ape Man who Walks Upright, has been re-instated as a man by Dr G. H. R. Koenigswald, after the discoverer of the skull had decided that it might have belonged to an ape after all.

Dr Koenigswald has been delving at Bandoeng in Java, near the Sol River where Pithecanthropus was found, and has discovered more than 40 pieces of

skulls and bones which are human beyond doubt. But they were deposited there in the middle of the last Ice Age, not before it, as Dubois thought, and so are only about half a million instead of a million years old.

The teeth and jaws are more complicated than those of modern man, less so than those of the famous Peking Man. Near the first Peking man's skull another skull has been found, so injured that it is surmised that he fell fighting, and the Peking man, who is very like the Neanderthal man of Europe, was a head hunter.

RHODES TRAVELLERS

Carrying On the Spirit of Cecil Rhodes

HIS BIRTHPLACE AND HIS MEMORY

The house where Cecil Rhodes was born at Bishops Stortford will at last become the Rhodes Museum.

South Africa has done much to make this possible, and Rhodesia most of all, and it will be from there that most of the relics of the great pioneer will come. Among them will be letters, photographs, pictures, and the only military uniform Rhodes ever wore, which was when he was one of the besieged in Kimberley during the war with the Boers. Friends and admirers from Greater Britain and the United States and Germany have all contributed.

Rhodes will not lack memorials. He wrote his name on the map, and his tomb on the Matoppos of Rhodesia, where in life he made peace with the Matabele, is as stately a resting-place as man could desire. But more enduring than birth or burial place is the idea which he bequeathed to the Anglo-Saxon race, the Rhodes trust for Rhodes Scholars.

Common Ideals

These scholars, chosen from the British Dominions, from the United States, and from Germany, were to spend four of the best years of their lives at Oxford, there to join with their fellows and learn in that ancient University what they had in common of ideals and traditions. It was a scheme which the idealist who gave it birth hoped would promote the brotherhood of peoples.

Time and circumstance mutilated parts of the scheme. The Great War seemed to damage it beyond repair, but who would now declare that it had failed, or that even now the best part of its fruits were not to be gathered? Rhodes Scholars have spread throughout the world, men of counsel and ability, and many have won a name for themselves. But it was not name or fame which Rhodes expected to accrue from them, but the spirit of community of aim.

Another Rhodes Trust

Almost on the day when, by the act of the Rhodes Birthplace Memorial Trust, the deeds of the house and its endowment fund were handed over to Bishops Stortford, a Bradford business man, Mr W. H. Rhodes, was inspired by an idea similar to that of his great namesake.

Mr Rhodes has established a trust fund of £25,000 to send 50 senior secondary schoolboys to Canada each summer, to see the lands and cities of the Dominion; but, better than that, to make acquaintance with the boys of their own age who are beginning life on them or in them.

The chosen scholars will be between 17 and 19, rather younger than Rhodes Scholars, but yet of an age when the mind is most open to impressions. Nothing but good can come out of this commingling of boys from London, Glasgow, Birmingham, and Bradford with those of Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Windsor and if the Rhodes Travellers are as good as the Rhodes Scholars nobody will complain.

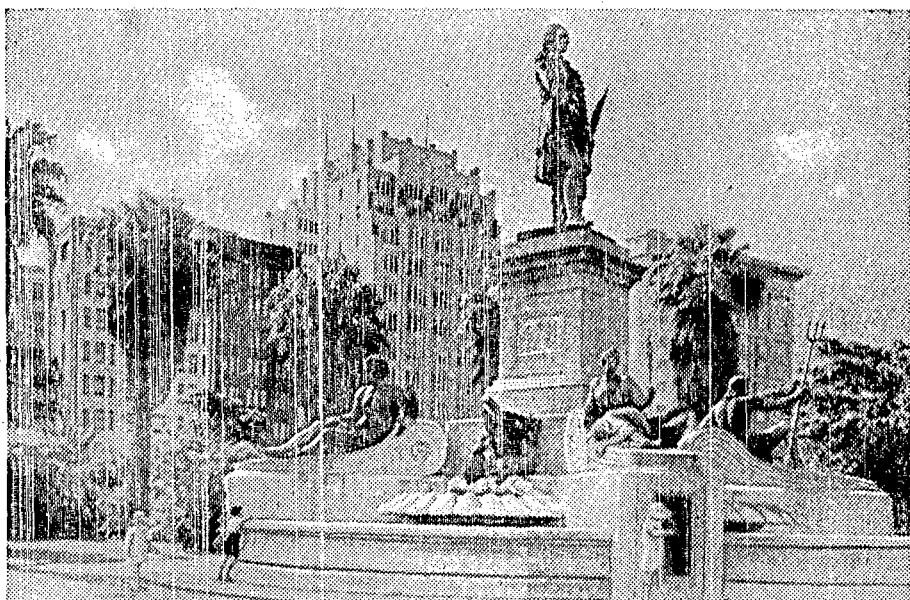
The Wheelbarrow Man

Lord Leverhulme has been telling again the good old story of a visit a group of scientists made to a factory.

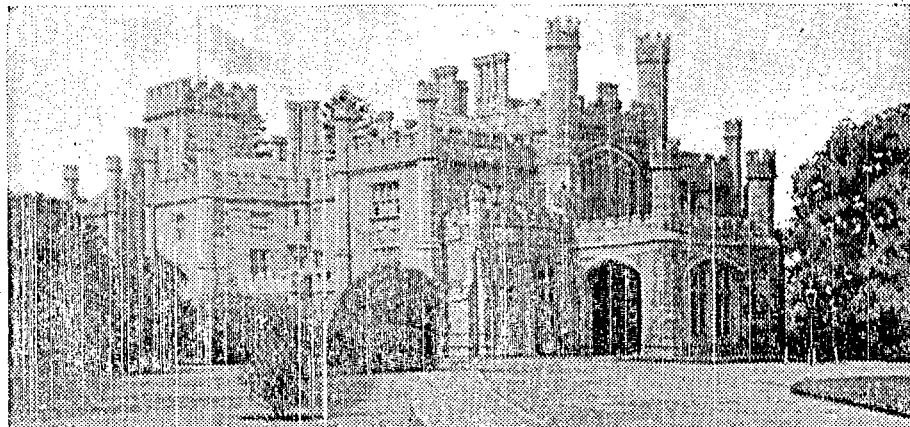
They were puzzled to know why one of the workers pulled his barrow behind him, while others pushed theirs, and after trying in vain to find an answer by psychological methods the scientists decided to ask the man why he dragged the barrow behind him. The man said:

Well, Guv'nor, it is this way—I hate the sight of the blooming thing.

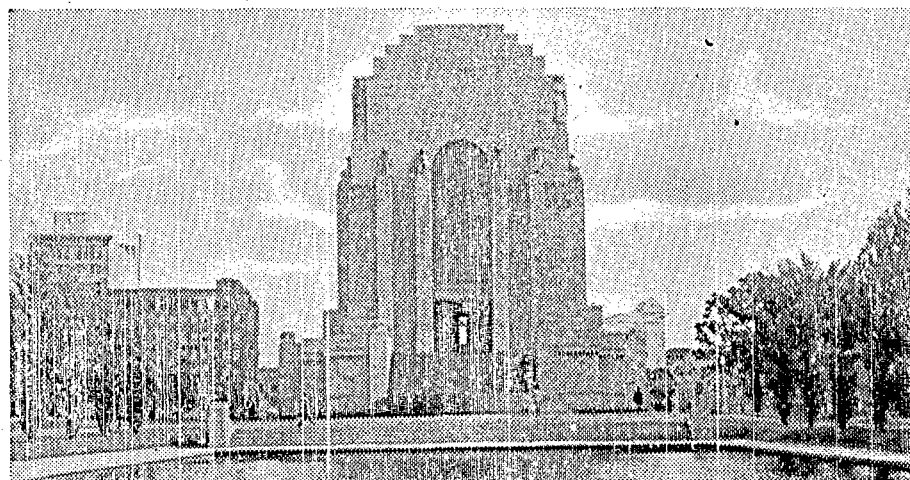
AUSTRALIA'S 150 YEARS—A G



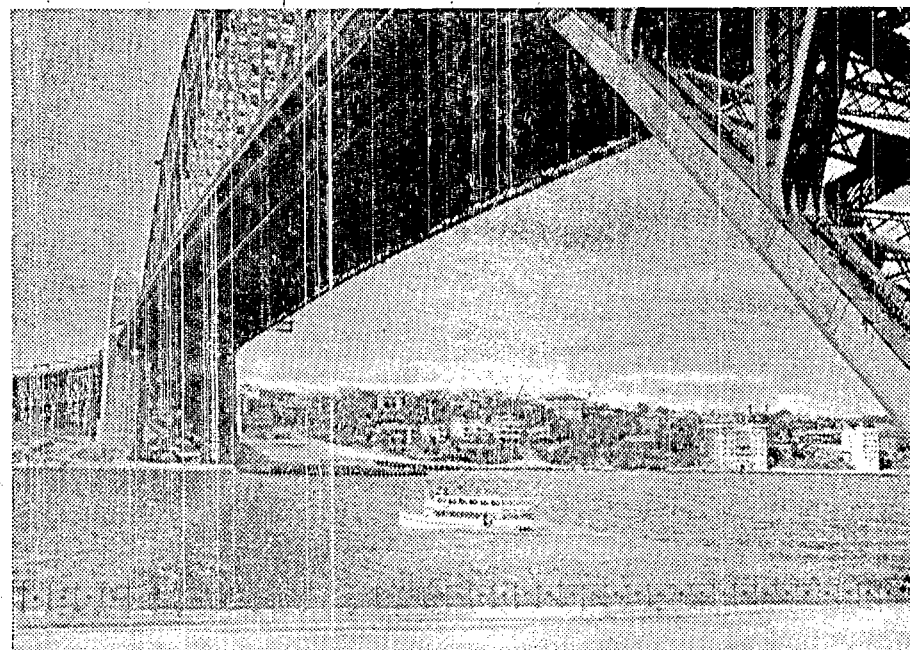
Sydney's Memorial to Australia's first Governor, Captain Phillip



Government House, Sydney, Residence of the Governor of New South Wales



The impressive War Memorial in Sydney's Hyde Park



A peep through the great span of Sydney Harbour's wonderful bridge

IN Sydney today the old name of 150 years ago, Port Jackson, is still familiar. But Captain Phillip, that very gallant gentleman on whom had fallen the hard lot of carrying out the British Government's plan of colonising the new-found land with convicts, would not recognise it. Captain James Cook, who had claimed the land for England 18 years before, had touched at a neighbouring inlet which, because of its wealth of flowers and verdure, he and Sir Joseph Banks, who accompanied him, had named Botany Bay. But when Captain Phillip came to it a scorching summer had burnt up the vegetation, and all that met his eyes was sand and swamp. He sailed northwards, turned a corner, rounded a headland of what we now know as Sydney Heads, and behold! in front of him found "the finest harbour in the world, in which a thousand sail of the line may ride in perfect security."

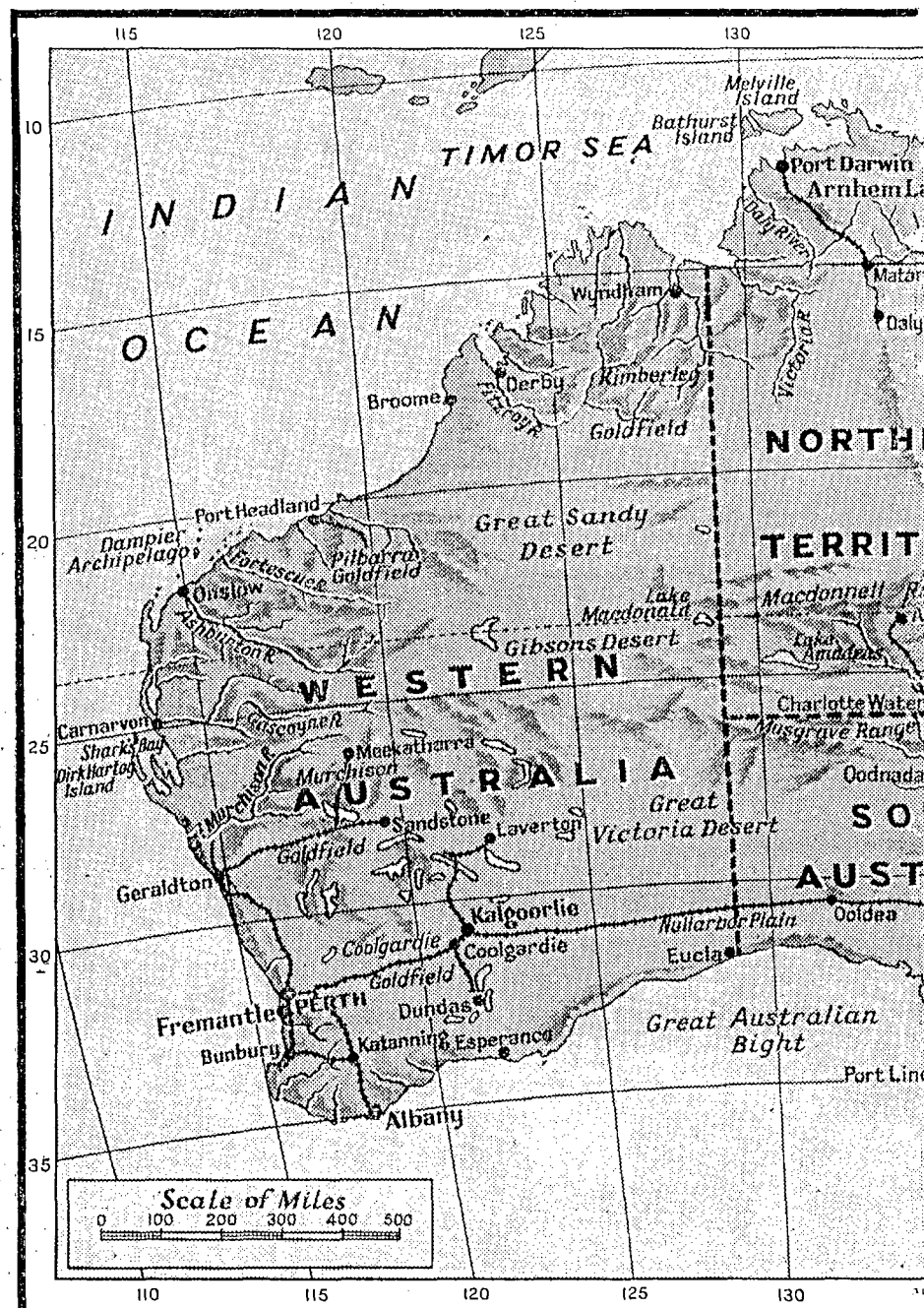
The panorama which opened out before his eyes of that glorious bay of deep water, after the disappointment of Botany Bay, is like the story of Australia. England would have made of that land of promise a prison, and hard and bitter was the struggle Captain Phillip had to make it a place fit even for a convict to live in. But Sydney Harbour thrusts long creeks like outstretched fingers deep into the

Australia keeps this year the 150th anniversary of the landing of the great free nations of the world. Captain Arthur Phillip sailed the "First Fleet" from England, and a settlement round which Australia grew.

land, and on its soil riches and prosperity, and, above all, freedom, were destined to be found.

If any would see how from a sad beginning a glorious present has grown he has only to look at Sydney today. From Sydney Heads to the tree-clothed hills of the bay's distant branches is still a scene of natural loveliness as it was when English eyes first dwelt on it. But many a sloping height which only thirty or forty years ago had nothing but its verdure is now clothed with the suburban houses of Sydney's citizens, and Sydney has risen to be the third largest city of the British Empire. Its shining waterway is spanned by Sydney Bridge, one of the greater bridges of the world, and Sydney and its melodiously named east end, Woolloomooloo, will before very long have a newer town across the water.

It is a homely place more like London in its haphazard growth than any other capital of the Dominion; and easier than London to get away



THE GREAT LAND OF FAR HORIZONS

On the anniversary of her birth as one of the world. On January 26, 1788, she sailed into Port Jackson with "the first ship" established at Sydney Cove the new colony has grown to nationhood.

from, either across the bay or to the back of beyond by way of the Blue Mountains.

The Blue Mountains are a second chapter in the story of Australia. The Sydney business man can easily get to them for the week-end by rail, and from Leura or Katoomba can look on one of the wonders of the world. As far as the eye can see range follows range like the waves of the sea, and every range is thickly covered to its summit with trees. They are eucalyptus, the parent tree of Australia, and in the mass their dark leaves are invested with a bluish sheen, so that the Blue Mountains are mountains of never-fading, never-ending leaves. This endless vista makes it plain why the mountains were for 25 years the despair of pioneers who surmounting one range found another exactly like it in front of them.

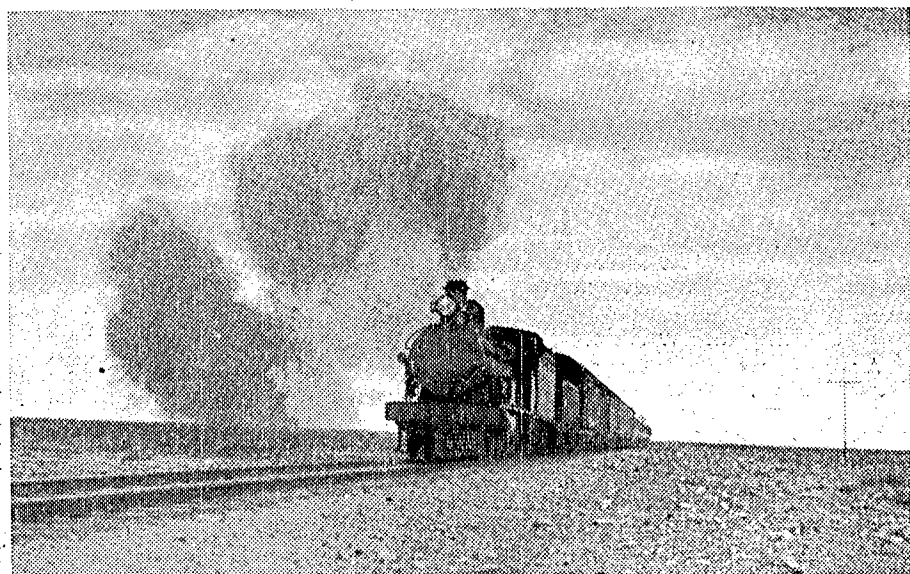
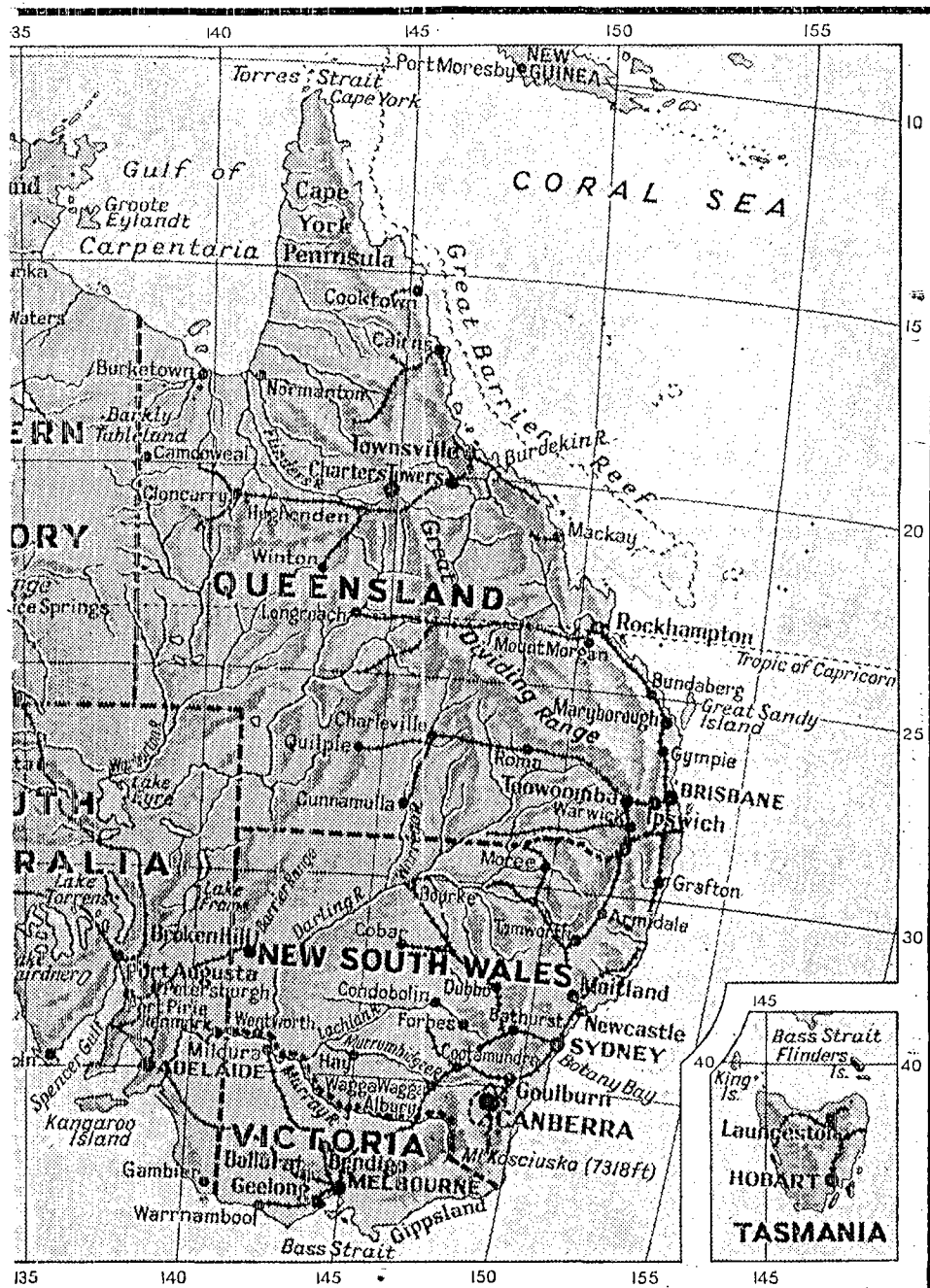
At last a way through was found, and the third chapter in Australia's life began, the age of exploration, the search for pastures new, the desire to

look on far horizons. This was one of the most stirring epochs in the life of the island continent, whose years cover those of no more than five generations of men, but into which it has crowded a generation of heart-stirring exploration. In that era scores of expeditions in all directions were begun, and some never ended. Men like Burke and Wills wandered on to death in a barren wilderness of stone and waterless sand, and perished while the relief expedition was only seven hours away.

Yet, though a large number of others perished, the trails were blazed, from south to north, from east to west, and are the glory of many who have no other memorial. The pioneers learnt what succeeding generations have found, that the face of Australia was one that was constantly changing, and that its innermost recesses were no easy prize. Rivers came and went, swamps and floods were succeeded by reeds and vast lakes of encrusted salt. Behind all was the terrifying desert of Central Australia, where only the primitive Australian Blackfellows could survive.

The burden laid on Australia is its uncertain rainfall; and the conquest of the continent in spite of this handicap is a tale of incessant endeavour, which

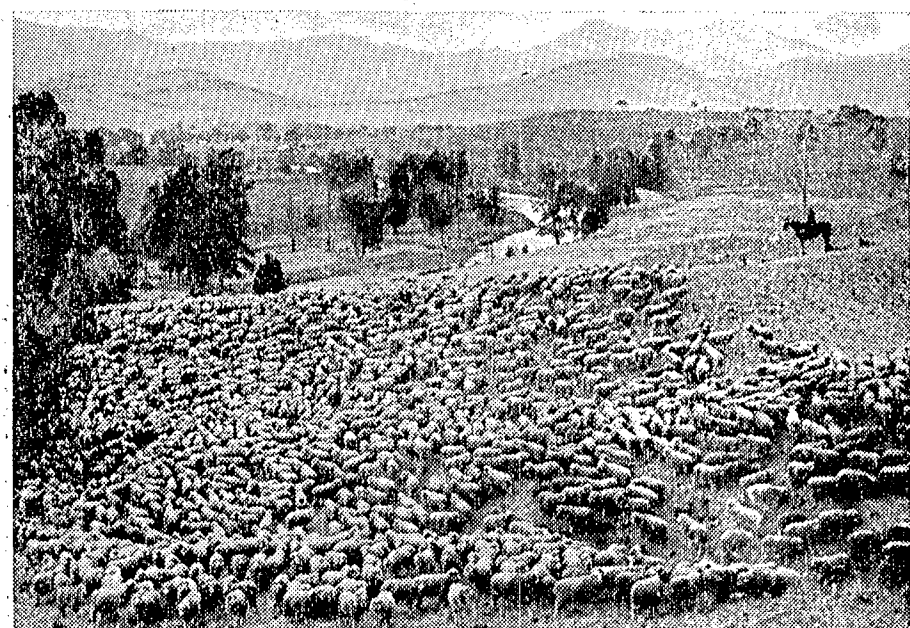
Continued on page 10



A train of the Transcontinental railway crossing the great Nullarbor Plain



Harvesting the wheat in Victoria



Mustering a flock on a sheep station in New South Wales



The Three-in-Hand—a striking picture from an Australian wheatfield

Our Australia pictures are given by courtesy of the Director of Australian Trade Publicity, and the Australian National Travel Association

The Island Continent Under the Southern Cross

Continued from page 9

must still go on, and by which, in surmounting all trials, the Australian has proved his mettle. He has never given up, and has added State to State wherever a white man can find a living.

New South Wales was the parent colony. Queensland came into being in 1825, Western Australia in 1829, Victoria and South Australia before Queen Victoria was crowned, and Tasmania, a convict settlement at the beginning of the century, threw off those shackles to become a colony just after the Great Exhibition of 1851 had marked the triumphant progress of the Victorian Era.

Seeking a New Eldorado

Australia received at that time an impetus of a very different kind, which thrilled the world even more. Among those whom the Californian gold rush of 1849 had drawn to the west of the United States was a young Englishman, Edmund Hammond Hargreaves, who came on to Australia. He found in the Blue Mountains deposits like those he had seen in California. He searched more carefully and he found gold. The news ran across the seas, and across the seas in response to the call came thousands to seek in Australia a new Eldorado. It seemed that the Promised Land had been found at last.

It did not live up to its earliest promise; but it drew to the continent a population which outlasted the glittering prospects of the mines, and settled down to the pursuit of more solid wealth in other fields and woods and pastures. Gold helped to make Australia a land of free men, and it seconded their efforts to find new lands and new horizons.

Other States had been established with a future no less fair than New South Wales. Today there is Victoria, with Melbourne to provide the splendid official residence of its Governor, set like Buckingham Palace in a green park. It has a university which has welcomed many men of learning from the Mother Country and sent them back to earn a still greater reputation. It has Collins Street, which many Victorians will continue to think is more truly the

centre of the Commonwealth than Canberra, the seat of its federal parliament. It has a splendid picture gallery and museum, clubs, newspapers, and its society, so gay, so cheerful, so hospitable, sets an example which the rest of the States and their capitals are glad to emulate without envy.

Victoria will with no less grace admit the priority in beauty of the Blue Mountains of its neighbour New South Wales. It has as compensation its own Black Spur, the tree-clad height which is an outstanding point of the Great Divide, the dividing range, or belt of highlands, which starts from Queensland and separates the coastal rivers from those flowing westward. A lovely place it is with eucalyptus trees towering more than 300 feet, with other dark shining gum trees stretching far away, and, below, the valley of the River Yarra, meandering like a yellow ribbon through the green, its course outlined by yellow wattle, or mimosa, which is like the hawthorn with us.

After gold had been found in New South Wales Victoria offered a reward for a similar discovery. At that time below Mount Buninyong was a rich expanse of well-watered country settled with profitable sheep-runs. But a man felling a tree at Buninyong discovered gold, and a further search revealed huge quantities of it at what is now Ballarat.

In the Roaring Fifties

All the diggers hastened there, and Ballarat in the "Roaring Fifties" became a mining camp, a vast area of tents and huts, filled with a riotous population which in one year drew £12,000,000 from the soil.

But Ballarat today has gone back to its sheep and pastures. The surface gold failed, the searchers had to dig deeper and deeper for gold among the quartz. There are mines there still, but the tumultuous camp has gone. Ballarat is now a sedate garden city in a prosperous agricultural region.

There have been, and are, other gold-mining regions in the continent. Bendigo, also in Victoria, has a gold-field of 45 square miles, with many

profitable mines, and one, the Victoria Reef Quartz, one of the deepest gold mines in the world. Western Australia has goldfields at Coolgardie and its dependency Kalgoorlie, a very dusty place, to which a pipeline to supply water was led from Perth, Western Australia's chief city, 300 miles away. The pipeline to the goldfield, like the return of Ballarat to rural life, is a signpost showing the way Australia is moving. Gold supplied the sinews of industry which is now the continent's portion. The pipeline represents its unremitting effort to supply itself with water, as well as its steady accumulation of the facilities supplied by engineering. The Sydney Bridge is one example; the railway running from Western Australia to South Australia, there to be linked through Adelaide with Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane, and so to join the Atlantic with the Pacific, is another.

In Tropical Australia

Western Australia is in some ways the youngest of the States. It is also the one in which the traveller from Home first coming is made to realise that this land of Australia is one apart from others. If he should land by aeroplane at Port Darwin in the Northern Territory he would, in passing through North Queensland, or in calling at ports along the Queensland coast, realise that the upper half of Australia is tropical. But, when he opens his eyes to the bright Westralian morning by the Swan River at Fremantle or Perth, he looks on a land where the trees and flowers are so strange, and so beautiful, as to seem to belong to the world before the Deluge.

It might be so, because Australia, possibly once linked by a land bridge through the Polynesian Archipelago to Asia, was so long ago separated that its vegetation and its native animals continued on lines unaltered by admixture. Kangaroo and koala bear and platypus belong to races of animals extinct elsewhere. The Australian Blackfellow and the native Tasmanian before him were, or are, relics of the Stone Age.

In Western Australia the agriculturist is pushing steadily northwards, felling

the forests of giant eucalyptus, karri, and jarrah as he goes, and replacing them with orchards and a wheat belt.

In South Australia, which we have left too long, Adelaide, the city of gardens and a Green Belt, lies in a vast suntrap beneath Mount Lofty. Beyond Mount Lofty are what an Australian poet has called the "dear dun plains," on which thousands of sheep are pastured; and beyond them again are others where, if the seasons of drought are replaced by heaven-sent rains, pioneering stock-breeders may wrest wealth from their herds. Beyond these farms where fortunes may be made or lost lies the dusty desert, on the margin of cultivation, where camels bring the men of the back blocks to rail-head.

Or, far to the east, is Queensland; better watered than some of the States, with rivers and shady creeks where the breeze sighs through the shea oaks, and where the Darling Downs, west of Toowoomba, are one of the world's fruitful places. Here too is Townsville, with Magnetic Island, so named by Captain Cook, at the entrance to its bay, and Cairns and the opal mines. Coal at Newcastle, and gold, tin, and gems, are all in Australia: a land of a promise always kept. At the gates of Queensland is the Coral Sea, where the steamship route lies like a sapphire within the boundary of the Barrier Reef and of a thousand islets. No sea is so beautiful, and where it ends at Thursday Island the colours are like the sheen on a blue butterfly's wing.

The Never-Never Land

Thursday Island, torrid and arid, is at the northern end of Australia, and is the chief port of the pearlers.

The last port of call, on the other side of the inhospitable Cape York peninsula, is Port Darwin with its harbour of tremendous tides. Port Darwin is the capital of that Northern Territory which stretches through tropic Australia to Alice Springs and the edge of the desert. This Never-Never Land also lies waiting for the pioneer to bring it the brighter history which is most surely its destiny.

A SHABBY SPOT GOES

Improving Manchester

The sharp bend in the River Irwell which is so unpleasant a feature in the neighbourhood of Manchester Cathedral and the Exchange Railway Station is to be covered in.

A bus station will be erected and the improvement will relieve traffic congestion in this very busy centre.

It is one of the curious anomalies of our local government system that the objections of a tiny section of the citizens nearly prevented the success of this scheme. The Corporation has to obtain the sanction of Parliament before proceeding with a plan of this nature. All the members of the Corporation except one approved, but the objector insisted that a poll should be taken, and under the law this had to be held. Because a few people objected the City had to open its polling stations at a cost of £2000 and the supporters of the scheme had to spend money and time in making sure of victory. Happily they won the day.

Spring Holidays

That Easter Holidays should in future be called Spring Holidays is a suggestion made by the County Councils Association, and it has been adopted by the Unemployment Insurance Committee in a recent report.

The Christian festival of Easter frequently does not fall within the first holiday period in the school year, and as no progress has been made with the idea for fixing Easter on a date in the calendar, as Christmas is fixed, the most sensible course to take is to change the name to Spring Holidays.

TAXI TORTURE

The Door and the Window

Why is it that there is always something wrong with the taxi—either with the door or the window?

The newest taxis are fitted with a window consisting of a pane of plate-glass with a strip of metal on top.

By standing up in the taxicab, and applying considerable force and ingenuity, the passenger may pull the window up. Then again he may not. It is better, far better, to kneel on the floor, as Commissioner Lamb of the Salvation Army does, and push it up. This practice saves finger nails, though it is more suited to the agile and the young than the elderly or the stiff-in-the-joints. But this prayerful attitude has its drawbacks.

Then there is the game of opening the door. The taxi hides the opening catch in a sunken recess, for which the passenger has to grope. If he is lucky enough to find it, this invention is probably too stiff to work, and in despair the fare waits till the driver leans over or gets down to turn the handle from outside.

Necessity, said to be the mother of invention, may have suggested that this civility will incline the fare to a more generous tip. But this suspicion is unworthy. It is more likely that, following a not unusual practice, the inventor, having found a quite useful gadget, discarded it because he could not let well alone.

Children at the church school in North Holmwood, Surrey, will remember Mr Angelus Beyfus, for in his Will he has provided that the free dinners he started there shall be continued.

OIL HEATING

Central Warming of Houses

Somebody who wanted to be very sarcastic about England described it as a country which, although very damp and chilly in winter and containing enormous coal-mines, had not the wit to warm its bedrooms in seven months of cold weather.

It is the fact that few of our houses are centrally heated, owing to the trouble of maintaining a coal or coke furnace in good going order. In America they are more and more using oil for the purpose, so much so that the consumption for domestic burners has reached sixty million barrels a year, though as recently as 1921 it was under one million barrels.

When oil is used for heating it is simply poured into a tank and automatically fed to the burners of the furnace. Thus nearly all trouble is avoided, and the cost of running is low.

It is surprising that the method has not made its appearance here, but the country is astonishingly backward in this matter.

Silence for the Seabirds

Ships passing the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec must not sound their sirens.

At Percé there is a remarkable bird sanctuary, the cliffs being alive with gannets, gulls, cormorants, auks, puffins, and other seabirds. The sounding of sirens would disturb the birds and in their hurry to take flight hundreds of eggs or young birds would be upset into the sea.

So the order has gone forth that passing ships must remain silent.

PRICES RISING

IN ITALY

Government Steps to Control Them

The Italian Government is alarmed at the increase in the cost of living.

The Minister of Corporations has sent a circular to the provincial governors, who are responsible for local regulation of prices, stating that prices have reached the limit which consumers can afford. Prices, they are told, are to be kept as stable as possible in future, having regard, however, to world prices.

It will be recalled that in October 1936 Italy devalued the lira by nearly 41 per cent, thus bringing it into line with the currencies of most other countries. At the same time she abolished the import duties on many food-stuffs and raw materials, and provided that no increase should be made in the price of prime necessities and rents.

The prices of foods, however, rose during the next twelve months by about 13 per cent, and sugar and flour have been costing more since. The increased costs of many articles have in fact exceeded the amount expected when the lira was devalued, and the provincial governors are expected by the Government to straighten things out.

With rising prices for many imported goods they have a problem indeed.

The Education Minister in Turkey has ordered that all Turkish schoolboys must have their hair cut in the American fashion, closely cropped but long enough in front for a parting.

MARS AND SATURN

Two Planets Like Twin Stars in the Evening Sky

By the C.N. Astronomer

Two worlds, Mars and Saturn, have been gradually approaching each other in the evening sky.

Next week they will be seen to be very near together, and between 6 and 7 o'clock on Wednesday evening, February 2, they will appear at their nearest, only about four times the Moon's apparent width apart.

These two planets will be easily identified appearing as twin stars in the west and, at that time in the evening, almost midway between the horizon and overhead. They will be the brightest objects in that part of the heavens, Saturn being below Mars, his leaden hue contrasting with the reddish tint of Mars, which to some observers may appear slightly less bright.

Both Speeding Eastward

It will be interesting to note, evening by evening, their gradual approach to each other and then afterwards their rapid separation, Saturn travelling, as it seems, toward the west and apparently leaving Mars behind. Actually they are both speeding eastward and it is Mars that is out-distancing Saturn, because he is bowling along at some 900 miles a minute whereas Saturn is travelling at the more stately pace of 350 miles a minute. Human records for speed appear very tame by comparison with those which we may see taking place on every fine night in the vast racing tracks of the heavens. Of course the fact that Mars is just now about 210 million miles away, and Saturn some 940 million miles distant, so reduces their apparent speed that it becomes less exciting, moreover that which *appears* being very different from that which *is*.

A small telescope would show no more difference than is shown in our drawing. Actually Mars is a fairly solid little world about 13,000 miles round, rather less than half the size of our Earth and so heavy that were it dropped in some vast celestial ocean it would sink to the bottom like a stone. Saturn, though a giant world 230,000 miles round, is, on the whole, so light that it would float on such an ocean. In other words, Saturn is on an average less dense than water, though it must not be inferred that any heavy object falling on Saturn would fall right through it, because Saturn has a dense core which, like a heavy marble enclosed in a cork, is not heavy enough to outweigh the light material enclosing it.

Though much is known and being continually discovered about the two-thousand-million solar systems that are known to exist in our Universe alone, what we know is only a very tiny part of what remains to be known. The same, of course, can be said of what is known of our Earth. Indeed what should we know of it were we born on a Saturn and under similar conditions? To the average Saturnian our world would not exist at all. Invisible to the unaided eye, it would require a telescope to reveal the Earth as an insignificant speck that *appeared* never to wander far from the Sun. Now knowing as we do all the wealth of marvel and beauty that this insignificant speck contains, we have but to apply the same reasoning elsewhere throughout the illimitable heavens and they soon become a celestial wonder-land that is truly divine. G. F. M.

A new chapel has been built at Hellesveor in Cornwall, near St Ives, from money raised by carol singers in the last 30 years.

Little Portraits

FRANCIS DRAKE



THE master mariner of England, Elizabeth called him her little pirate; and it has been said of him that no one could help trusting a man with such complete confidence in himself.

It was this confidence which enabled him to sail round the world and shatter the Armada after finishing his game of bowls. It was this confidence which made his men worship him. He was a man of action, fiery, impulsive, imperious, but gallant-hearted and daring. Careful of the lives of his men, he maintained obedience and won respect. He was always master of the situation, however ugly it might become. He had force of character and would brook no interference.

Old Stow has given us a portrait of him, for he tells us that Sir Francis Drake was a better sailor than any other man of his day. He had a marvellous memory. He was wonderfully observant. He could speak well. He was skilful with fire-arms. For all his commanding appearance, he was rather low in stature, but broad-chested and strong-limbed, a man with an iron grasp as well as an iron will. He had a round head, brown hair running down to a thick beard, and eyes large and clear. Striking in appearance, he was handsome and cheery except when he frowned, his eyes flashing in anger. He was then terrible to behold, men standing in awe of him.

This was the chivalrous and courtly gentleman of Devon who did so much to make England supreme at sea, and who sleeps in the ocean a thousand miles away from the land he loved.

THE COUNTRY FROM THE TRAIN

An Idea for the Railways

The C.N. has already mentioned the interesting way in which visitors are shown the sights in Bournville without noise or fuss.

As the motor-buses convey their loads of visitors round the village the guide holds up a card on which is a number corresponding with a number on a printed list which has previously been given to each visitor. In this way all the objects and places of interest are indicated.

What a chance for our railways to adopt this excellent idea, especially on the long-distance routes.

Many travellers speed through Millers Dale on the London to Manchester line without catching the lovely glimpse of Water-cum-Jolly near Millers Dale station. If signs carrying numbers were put up and passengers could get a printed list of places of interest on the route, our railway journeys would be much more interesting than they are.

SWITCHING ON IS CATCHING ON But Not Yet Fast Enough THE OBSOLETE COAL CART

It seems that the habit of switching on is beginning to catch on in our conservative land.

In 1931 the output of electric current was 11,413 million units. Last year it was 22,905 millions, so that consumption has more than doubled in six years.

This is not really as good as it looks, for the comparison is made in a land which is far too reluctant to use the greatest servant ever offered to mankind. In homes, thoroughfares, public buildings, factories, mills, workshops, and railways the use of electricity still lags behind a proper standard.

The Weir Committee of Enquiry was so modest in its conceptions that it estimated that we might reach 25,000 million units in 1940. We shall beat that figure easily, but it should have been beaten long ago. As was the case with the typewriter and the telephone, there is still a curious reluctance to use electric appliances. We have splendid coal, and more of it should be changed into current to bring prosperity to coal areas and comfort to our people.

Cleaner Homes and Towns

Half our houses are still without electricity. Electricity in the home means clean households, clean towns, and happier women. Electricity is the foe of dirt, disorder, and ill-health. It economises building by making chimneys unnecessary. It saves furniture, upholstery, curtains, floor-coverings. It adds years to the lives of working women, and most women work.

In the long run nothing can prevent the complete triumph of electricity, but we need a great campaign on its behalf, for vested interests stand in its way, actually seeking to prevent its use.

Our coal output, we may note in this connection, is recovering, but is still inadequate. In the last three months of 1937 consumption was at the rate of 200 million tons a year, but as long ago as 1913 it was 287 million tons.

The use of oil fuel explains the change; but in a quarter of a century we ought to have made such advance in electrification and in distilling oil from coal as to have restored or beaten the 1913 figure.

To transport coal is dirty and wasteful. The coal-cart is obsolete, but tens of thousands of them still carry about coal to defile our towns and households with smoke. Smoke is sublimated waste, and should be no longer tolerated.

And let us remember that our great army of unemployed miners is at present still over 100,000.

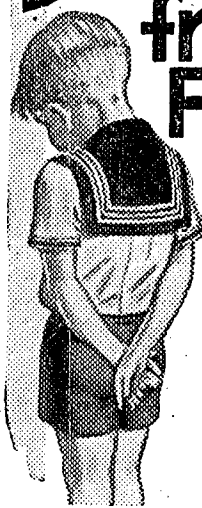
The Trust, the Lout, and the Crank

It is good to see that the National Trust has not been converted by its recent chairman, the Marquess of Dufferin, who startled Trust members not long ago by denouncing anti-litter people as cranks.

The Secretary of the Trust, speaking to the Auctioneers, declared that litter was a great burden on the Trust, involving the removal of tons of paper and tins and hundreds of broken bottles from a single open space. Strong measures had to be taken, Mr Matheson said, to enforce the by-laws of the Trust in this respect.

So that, according to the Under-Secretary for the Colonies, the National Trust itself is among the cranks!

Banished from the Family Circle..



Poor little chap - all brought on by constipation

Doctors say that ninety per cent of our ailments are due to self-poisoning from constipation. That is what is usually the matter with a child

who won't eat, gets thin, pale, cross and fretful and has no heart for play. In such cases a few bed-time doses of 'California Syrup of Figs' work miracles.

If you are anxious about your child's health get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' today, and give a dose tonight. It will sweeten the kiddie's stomach and move the bowels, cleansing the system of all sour, clogging poisons that are making the child ill. Then what a change you'll see! It will do your heart good to see how quickly the little one gains strength and puts on weight right from the start. And you'll have no more trouble from constipation. Kiddies are enraptured with the delicious flavour of this pure fruit laxative.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS
BRAND

In bottles at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Recommended by all doctors.

A Jolly Coloured Picture and Story Paper for Children

Tiger Tim's WEEKLY

EVERY WEDNESDAY

24

Never was there a more lovable band of merry rascals than Tiger Tim and the Bruin Boys, whose adventures appear every week in this delightful paper. No wonder boys and girls love to read about them. Of course, TIGER TIM'S WEEKLY also contains stories, picture puzzles, jokes and riddles.

Nature's Best Breakfast

SHREDDED WHEAT

and HOT milk

BUCKINGHAM PALACE 25 YEARS AGO

A New Face of Portland Stone

From the CN of January 1913

Year by year London's architecture grows more beautiful and more imposing. Artistic taste, after falling asleep during the unlovely Victorian Era, has awakened and has discovered that the one great building which more than any other mars the dignity and beauty of the capital is the King's own home, Buckingham Palace.

The Victoria Memorial is spoilt by the palace behind it, and the palace is made to appear more mean and ugly by the fine work in front. It has now been decided to cover up the shabby front by building a new one on to it.

A Strange History

Buckingham Palace has a strange history. It stands on what was once a garden planted with mulberry trees for feeding silkworms. A house was built upon the land, and there, in 1666, Lord Arlington brewed the first cup of tea ever drunk in England. He had bought a pound of tea in Holland for £3. The Duke of Buckingham bought the house, pulled it down, and built another, and this in turn was bought by George the Third who lived in it. George the Fourth spent £435,000 in practically rebuilding it; William the Fourth furnished it, but Queen Victoria was the first to occupy the remodelled palace. It had already cost a million pounds, but in 1846 it was again altered. The east front was pulled down, and the Marble Arch was carried away bodily from the front of the palace to the northern entrance to Hyde Park, where it creates an hourly peril to life and traffic. The front of the palace was rebuilt in very bad taste of wretched stone, which at once began to decay, and has needed coat after coat of paint to preserve it.

An Alarming Report

The conditions inside were just as bad. When King Edward was a little boy, Lord Playfair, a scientist, was called in to examine the palace, and his report was so alarming that the officials dared not let Parliament know. The kitchens were furnished with charcoal stoves without flues, so that the deadly fumes crept all over the house. Through the courtyard ran a great main sewer, foul odours from which escaped into the palace and penetrated even into the children's nursery. To show the effect of this leakage Lord Playfair caused a small room to be painted white, and, as he expected, in the morning the room had become black from the effect of sewer gas. All was put right, however, the Queen and her family living in rooms over the offices and workshops while the work was carried out.

Now there remains the ugly front, which looks merely mean and cheap, and not old, and this is to be covered with an outer face of good Portland stone, which looks good and is good. The front will be built on the old edifice, not a window or a level being altered.

Best Trade for Seven Years

So great was our overseas trade recovery in 1937 that the total of inward and outward shipments reached over £5,000,000 for each working day. It is the best record for seven years.

It would be surprising, therefore (if we did not know the ways of politicians), to observe that many voices are declaring that bad trade is upon us. There is no ground whatever for such a forecast. Trouble has arisen in America from special causes, but there are already signs that this factor is diminishing. American steel production is reviving, and our own iron and steel output makes a record.

The exports of British manufactured goods last year were up 64 millions.

The New Treasure Island

Is there a boy anywhere who does not know Treasure Island? Robert Louis Stevenson's masterpiece has thrilled boys all the world over, but treasures of which R. L. S. never dreamed will be found in 1939 on a new Treasure Island of the Pacific.

For San Francisco is building the Golden Gate International Exhibition, making an island where no island was before, and crowding it with wonderful palaces to which all America will go.

Already San Francisco has astonished the world. America's Far West, it was long thought of as the end of everything, a spot so many miles from New York that it could never claim to take an important place among the cities of the States. But since the great earthquake of 1906 the new city has gone on from strength to strength. In 1849 the population was 5000. Less than a year later it was 67,000. Now it is over 630,000. It is the gateway of the West. It is the terminal for the trans-continental railway. It has the bridge with the biggest span in the world. It has the biggest bridge in the world. Soon it is to have the most astonishing island in the world.

The island is growing day by day. A few months ago 400 acres of sand lay from nine to 30 feet below the great bay

on which the city looks down. Now, after thousands upon thousands of tons of material have been brought to this area, the San Francisco World Fair stands boldly against the skyline. Already 25 buildings have risen from the sea, among them the International Palace and the Palace of Fine and Liberal Arts. The palaces, huge concrete rectangles 287 feet wide and 335 feet long, have parabolic roofs.

Over 1000 men are at work on this artificial island, and every day sees the Portals of the Pacific taking shape as the gateway to all the wonder which will be found within. The Towers of the East, the Lake of all Nations, the marvellous Spire of the Sun which is to soar 400 feet into the blue to be the central architectural feature of the Fair; all these have been begun.

The new island, rising over 12 feet above sea-level, will be a Treasure Island indeed, and from it will be superb views of San Francisco's two amazing bridges.

The crescent of the Administration Building is now almost finished. It will cost \$160,000; and this and two palaces designed as giant hangars are the only permanent buildings, all the others being doomed to destruction as soon as the Fair is over.

A Sindbad of Today

THERE is a man in Bournemouth making little models of ships. It seems a quiet business, yet few men have had a more adventurous career than he, Mr H. C. Payne.

He first went to sea at the age of twelve, when he sailed with a friend of his father on a trip which most unexpectedly lengthened out to three months.

This first taste of the sea got into his blood, and in 1877 he sailed in the Opawa as a junior. The ship was one of the first steel-built sailing ships. He had a rough time on the voyage, and was treated in a way which would not be tolerated now, so he left the ship in New Zealand.

He dared not communicate with his parents, and did any odd jobs for a living, until he got on to a ship going to Australia, and then worked his way to San Francisco.

After a whaling expedition he drifted back to London and on to Holland, then sailing to America on the Zealand in 1881. On the return journey 22 hands were lost overboard, and a very damaged

vessel crept back into Antwerp, long overdue and on short rations.

Some time later, while loading the ship outside St Anna, in Mexico, the crew were stricken with yellow fever, leaving only five survivors. A scratch crew was got together to take the ship to Jamaica, but on the way there was a mutiny on board, and when finally Falmouth was reached the crew once more numbered only five.

Drifting once more to Australia, he left the sea for a time and joined a circus, of which he soon became the star performer; but this was not adventurous enough, and he returned to the sea.

Mr Payne says he has been to every part of the world except Canada, which was far too cold for his liking. He had always wanted to see the world, and, as jack-of-all-trades, he had turned his hand to anything. His voyages took him seven times round Cape Horn in the windjammers of his younger days.

Now he makes little models of the vessels in which he sailed. He is 74, and is always ready to spin his yarns.

Incredible Story

IT is 250 years this week since Emanuel Swedenborg was born at Stockholm. He died in London in 1772.

One of the most extraordinary men of the century, he was distinguished as a scientific and religious writer, and today his books are regarded as something like an epitome of knowledge.

Yet Swedenborg was eminently a simple man, and it is strange to see how from the depths and heights of science he turns to tell us, almost as a child might, that he saw the spiritual world and was given the gift of conversing with spirits and angels.

We might pass over this declaration lightly if it were not for one odd moment in his life which has been immortalised by Kant.

The great philosopher tells us with circumstantial evidence that he was present at a dinner-party given by Swedenborg, and that, in the midst of the meal, Swedenborg became restless, and then, greatly perturbed, rose from the table and looked out of the window. His friends asked what was the matter, and he told them that there was a fire

blazing in Stockholm, and that it was near his own house and advancing towards it. For an hour or two he was in an agony of mind, but presently he returned to his friends, saying, "All is well; the fire has been put out."

All this would not be wonderful if we did not know that Swedenborg was 200 miles from Stockholm that evening, and that afterwards every detail he had described was proved to be correct.

Testing Celluloid

Many readers of the CN have been asking how they can distinguish between an article made of celluloid and a similar one which is nonflammable.

The answer is, we fear, that there is no satisfactory test simple enough for most of us, but as a general rule there is a smell of camphor in celluloid, whereas some nonflam material resembling it smells like a pear-drop. The test by smelling, however, is not to be relied on, for the smell of camphor can be eliminated in the manufacture of celluloid articles and many nonflam materials have neither smell nor taste.

FINDING AN ANCESTOR

Relic of a Stone Age Battle

By the time these lines are in print the Natural History Museum may have come into possession of a coveted treasure.

In spite of its incomparable riches the Museum has not hitherto owned a good example of aurochs' remains, but now, if the Thames Conservancy Board acts on the suggestion made to it, a magnificent pair of such horns, with the front of the skull attached, will be sent for final keeping to South Kensington.

Extinct in our land before Caesar arrived, but surviving for a thousand or more years later in parts of Europe, the aurochs is of intense interest to us as the ancestor of all our domestic cattle. We derived no European strain from bison or buffalo; the towering aurochs, or wild ox, itself long dead in our midst, transmitted its qualities to a strain from which the art of man has evolved short-horns, longhorns, and cattle with no horns at all, the Herefords, the Ayrshires, the Jersey, the Guernsey, and other famous breeds.

The Aurochs and the Mammoth

For the ancestor of them all we have now to dig in peat bogs, in the oozy depths of the Fens, or, as in the case of the newest find of horns, in that treasury of buried secrets, the bed of the Thames. The new find is from Faringdon, Berkshire, a fine example, the horns having a span of a full yard.

Here the owner of them may have had for companions the musk ox, the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and—Man! We know that Man and the giant aurochs lived together in England from a romantic find in Burwell Fen, Cambridgeshire, which is now a famous exhibit in the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge. It is an aurochs' skull with the flint implement embedded in it which, hurled by a human hunter, killed it in our Stone Age.

Aurochs' horns, always a rarity, were so valued during medieval times that they were preserved in churches and cathedrals as Communion cups, and in king and baronial castles as drinking-horns. One of the disasters of the French Revolution over which naturalists still mourn was the theft from the castle of Saverne in Alsace of the horn of what is supposed to have been the very last aurochs left alive in the world.

A Vanished Treasure

Given to the castle in 1586 by a bishop who received it as an heirloom from his hunting ancestors, it was an immense example, heavily enriched with silver and capable of holding a gallon of liquid. For over two centuries it was the emblem of a brotherhood, to whose society a few of the most distinguished men in the world were from time to time admitted. The horn vanished during the Revolution, a prize worth more than rubies, cast away, it is supposed, in an hour of mob fury.

We shall never see another aurochs, but must content ourselves with its astonishing variety of descendants. We might breed cattle as big as we had in prehistoric England: we recently had a bullock worthy of its Titanic ancestors, for it was 78 inches high and weighed 27 cwt. The daughter descendants of the wild giants, however, by far eclipse their faraway granddams, yielding ten times as much milk as the best of wild cattle (a quantity representing some four times a cow's own weight) during the course of a single milking season.

This Week's Book Tokens

The Book Tokens for this week and last have been awarded to Margaret Inglis and Alison Stewart, the books asked for being Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* and Arthur Mee's *One Thousand Beautiful Things*.

THE FOLLY OF HIGH HEELS

An Enemy of Physical Fitness

The medical protest against high heels and pointed toes is long overdue, and comes too late to save millions from discomfort or misery in middle-life and old age.

The erect posture of the body is really a wonderful thing, for human beings have for their base two small plates, and the centre of gravity of the body, owing to the weight of the head, is very high up. The maintenance of the erect position is accomplished by the interplay of a considerable number of muscles, from the heel to the neck.

When a boot-heel of more than slight proportions is worn the sole of the foot is elevated at an unnatural angle, and a new adjustment of the muscles becomes necessary. A serious disturbance of the many bones of the foot occurs, and the entire structure, which is exceedingly delicate and complicated, is weakened. The results are deplorable. Pronounced foot weakness is often the bitter price paid for the high heel and it is irremediable. A hobbly middle age is thus caused, with the loss of much that makes life agreeable.

As we are all talking of fitness, it seems time to consider whether the sale of many of the high heels offered in shops should not be prohibited.

WE TWO AND WE THREE

Oldest Twins and Triplets

A good reader of the C N at the Manse, Stony Stratford (Rev Laurie Toseland) writes to tell us of an interesting pair of twins.

One of them is in Mr Toseland's Congregational Church, Mrs Emma Dudley, who has just passed her 89th birthday. She was born at Broadclyst in Devon, and is a twin with her sister still alive, Mrs Susan Priest of Manchester. The youngest daughter of Mrs Dudley was born on her mother's birthday.

It is suggested that Mrs Dudley and Mrs Priest are now the oldest twins living in England and we shall be glad to hear if this can be contradicted.

The oldest triplets in England, who have just celebrated their 80th birthday, appear to be Mrs Henry Watson, of Skipton, who is Hope; Mrs William Rimington, also of Skipton, who is Charity; and Mrs Charles Thackray, of Bisham, Lancashire, who is Faith.

They were such tiny mites when born in a farmhouse on the moors at Cracoe, near Skipton, that no one expected them to live; and the local minister went on horseback over frozen moorland roads to baptise them. Yet they have all had healthy and active lives, with children and grandchildren.

Competition Result

In the C N Competition Number 43 the four money prizes were won by H. W. Brittain, Central Stores, Peak Dale, near Stockport; Denis R. Child, 96 Dalston Road, Carlisle; Richard Cleland, Viewfield, Pumphreston, Midlothian; and Roy Kirby, 47 Norton Road, Knowle, Bristol. Five shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The twenty fountain pens have been awarded to the following:

Joan M. Anderson, Bedford; Margaret Brightman, Bedford; Olive Butcher, Burton Joyce, Notts; Olive M. Crust, Ashford; Isobel Fullerton, Stoneywood, Aberdeenshire; Bernard Gilmour, Manchester; John Cow, Colvine, Perthshire; Harold Greenaway, London, S.E.23; Peter B. Halliwell, Pinner; W. E. Higgins, Wimbledon; Barbara James, Haverfordwest; Albert J. Lewis, Clynderwen, Pembrokeshire; Gladys Malt, Bromley; Gordon Mitchinson, Newcastle; Joan Sowden, Cleekeaton; Hazel Till, Manchester; Patricia Urquhart, Ruislip; Joan Whitestone, Whiston; Freda Williams, Liverpool; Jim Young, Preston.

The correct answers were: 1 Ginger jar. 2 Cup and saucer. 3 Oilcan. 4 Hot-water bottle. 5 Electric iron. 6 Kettle. 7 Egg poacher. 8 Teapot.

THE THREE-FOLD CORD

Linking Up English-Speaking Youth

The future of civilisation appears to depend so much on the English-speaking peoples that every step taken to bind them closer together must be encouraged by all people of goodwill.

America's Ambassadors to this country in recent years have been forging links which should make the two nations inseparable allies in the work for peace and prosperity throughout the world.

A speech by Mr Robert Bingham, who has recently passed away, inspired a link which is of special value because it is a youth movement. He was being presented with the Freedom of Barnstaple, the ancient Devon town from which his ancestors sailed 300 years ago to found the Barnstaple in Massachusetts, and he spoke of the ancient English traditions which those adventurers cherished and maintained.

From that ceremony at Barnstaple sprang a movement known as the Three-Fold Cord, founded by Mr E. R. Appleton, once the Regional Director of the B.B.C.

Having as a slogan the phrase "Power through Fellowship," the members join one of the three branches, the Physical, for the development of healthy and beautiful bodies, the Aesthetic, for the appreciation of the arts, or the Scientific and Social, for the study of civic and social arts. Each member is put in touch with a member in the British Empire and a member in America and promises to write once a month, the three thus forming a link in the Three-Fold Cord. The subscription is 2s 6d.

Readers who would like to know more about the Three-Fold Cord should write to the Secretary, 3 Magdalen Street, Oxford.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

There will be three interesting broadcasts dealing with Nature subjects next week. In the first, on Tuesday, Mr W. W. Williams will play his part of the Nature Detective; in the second, to be given by Professor Munro Fox on Wednesday, we shall hear how Nature prevents plagues of animals; and in the third, on Friday Mr Sereld Hay will describe a South African Big Game Reserve.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 Different Kinds of Plants: by B. A. Keen. 2.30 Senior Music: by Thomas Armstrong.

TUESDAY, 2.5 The Nature Detective—More Convincing Evidence from the Snow: by W. W. Williams. 2.30 Cowper: by Stephen Potter. 3.0 The Minuet and Trio—Clarinet: by Thomas Armstrong.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 Roderick and the Moors: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 Plagues of Animals: by H. Munro Fox. 3.0 Orchestral Concert.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Western Ireland: by A. Stevens. 2.5 Our Village—The Church and the Churchyard. 2.30 News: by Hugh Ross Williamson.

FRIDAY, 2.5 In a South African Big Game Reserve: by Sereld Hay. 2.30 School Activities: by children from different schools. 2.55 Play—From the Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. 3.20 Next Week's Music: by Scott Goddard. 3.35 Scottish Literature: by Catherine Carswell.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors (s, z, and sh): by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Speech Training for Juniors (Music Boxes): by Anne H. McAllister. 2.5 The Fishings of Scotland—Fishing Ports and Fishermen: by Arthur Duthie. 2.30 Senior English—a Burns programme: by J. W. Oliver.

WEDNESDAY, 2.30 Biology—The Heart Develops: by R. C. Garry. 3.0 As National.

THURSDAY, 2.5 Senior Music—Compound Time: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 The Story of the Eel: by C. H. O'Donoghue. 3.5 Scottish History—Will ye no' come back again: by J. D. Mackie.

FRIDAY, 2.5 Junior Geography—The Land of Tethered Cows: by Alex McCallum. 2.55 Play—from Alice in Wonderland.

New, Novel and Simple

"BELISHA"

The "Safety First" Card Game

Every good Stationer and Store sells "Belisha." Published by Castell Bros., Ltd., London and Glasgow.

Full of Thrills



All the family can enjoy this new and entertaining game. "Belisha" has all the merits of a family or party game with the added attraction of demonstrating again and again the way to ensure road safety. As the game proceeds the players are taken on a tour of England and Scotland, many of the cards bearing beautiful pictures in colour of famous beauty spots.

Some cards illustrate the dangers of the road, some show how accidents may be avoided. There's a touch of humour, a smattering of geography, a new method of teaching "Safety First" in "Belisha" and a heap of fun!

2/6
PER
PACK

Children!

150 BIG PRIZES

AND 1,000 CONSOLATION PRIZES

Copy & colour ROBERTSON'S GOLLIWOG



THE SECRET OF 'GOLDEN SHRED' POPULARITY IS EXTRA VALUE FOR MONEY (READ BELOW)

Robertson's 'Golden Shred' is the loveliest marmalade Mother can buy. It is made from golden oranges and pure sugar only. There is no indigestible pith or fibre. It is economical because it can be spread thinly, and its full, rich flavour still enjoyed. Ask Mother to buy a jar today. Now read the easy rules of the great Robertson's Competition and win one of the 150 big prizes.

Winners will have the choice of:

Tricycles. Cameras. Dolls' Houses. Aeroplanes. Tennis rackets. Toy motor cars. Dolls' prams. Tool cabinets. Writing desks. Dolls' cots. Conjurors' outfits. Firework sets. Dolls. Model railways. Fitted work-baskets. Yachts. Footballs. Red Indian suits. Meccano sets. Teddy bears. Cricket bats.

★ The names of the 150 big prizewinners will be published in the *Daily Sketch*, April 30.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO:

- 1 Copy or trace the picture of Robertson's Golliwog and colour him with crayon or water colour.
- 2 Send the form below with your entry and two wrappers, one from Robertson's 'Golden Shred', the other from Robertson's 'Bramble Seedless.'
- 3 You can send in as many attempts as you like but each one must be accompanied by two wrappers.
- 4 Age will be taken into consideration when judging entries—closing date, March 31, 1938.
- 5 The decision of the judges is final and no correspondence can be entered into.

Send this with your drawing:
To ROBERTSON'S COMPETITION DEPT. (Tr),
356/364 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

I am attaching my Competition entry and two wrappers from Robertson's jars.

My name is.....

My age is.....

My address is.....

ROBERTSON'S

'Golden Shred'

Orange Marmalade

Complete in Two Parts

HIGH WATER

By
T. C. BridgesCHAPTER 3
Racing South

BOB was turning away when the old Negress spoke. "Dis hyah coloured boy, Marse Glascott," she asked anxiously. "Yo' say his name Johnson?"

Bob looked at her dully. "Yes. He calls himself Ki Johnson."

"Ki!" she cried. "What he look like, Marse Glascott?"

"He is small and quite young. There's nothing very special about him except that he has a long scar across the back of his left hand."

The old woman gave a scream. "Dat's my son, sah. Oh, Marse Mellor, dis white man he done found my boy."

Mr Mellor came back. "Is this true?"

"Do you think I'm inventing it?" Bob asked harshly.

To his surprise Mr Mellor took no offence. "No, you could not have invented it. I am glad indeed that Rachel has found her son. She has not seen him for years."

"I'll send him along when he's fit to travel," said Bob briefly.

"We will fetch him at once," said the other. "We can go across to your place in one of my boats."

"Can I come, too, Marse Mellor?" begged the old woman.

"Yes. We start at once."

Two boats lay at the landing, one a cat-boat, the other a large and beautifully made Peterborough canoe. Mr Mellor took the cat-boat, raised the sail, and within a few minutes they were at Bob's landing. Ki was waiting. He saw his mother and stared as if he could not believe his eyes.

"Ki!" she screamed as she scrambled out, and, miserable as he was, it did Bob good to see the way those two hugged one another. Then Mr Mellor took Ki aside and spoke to him. Bob left them and walked up to the house. He would have to write home and tell his father that he had lost the place. Jord Crockett would claim it as soon as he got back. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to face Mr Mellor.

"You did not mention the gold coin that Ki had with him."

"Didn't I?" Bob answered.

"He has just shown it to me," said Mr Mellor. "It is a gold doubloon dated 1597. If there are even half a dozen of those to be found they are worth going for."

"But I told you," Bob said sharply.

"You talked of Spanish treasure, and frankly I did not believe a word of it. But if Ki is anything like his mother he is reliable."

"More than I," Bob cut in.

"I'm sorry, Glascott. I thought you were just one of these remittance men. I am free to admit I was mistaken. I shall be pleased to lend you a boat. I will even go with you if you care to have me."

Bob gasped. "Of course I'd have you, sir. But we shall have to go at once. Crockett and Cicero have a long start and that cat-boat I chartered has an engine."

Mr Mellor looked serious. "That's bad—for us. But never mind. We will start at once, and I think we may be able to steal a march on these fellows."

After that things began to move. As soon as they got back to Mr Mellor's place Mrs Johnson prepared food and her master collected bedding and kit. To Bob's surprise these things were loaded into the canoe, not the cat-boat.

"She draws less water," Mr Mellor explained.

Bob was puzzled. There was plenty of water in the Lacoochee Creek to float the cat-boat and she was larger and more comfortable than the canoe. Also she had a sail. But he did not say anything for it was plain that this hard-bitten elderly man knew exactly what he was about. One proof was that they were away within an hour. Mr Mellor sat in the stern, Bob in the bow, and Ki amidships with the dunnage piled on each side of him.

"You can paddle?" asked Mr Mellor.

"A bit, sir," Bob answered.

Secretly Bob was rather proud of his paddling, but he soon found that he was not a patch on the elder man, and long before midday his back was aching and his arms feeling as if they were loose in their sockets. He was very glad when Mr Mellor turned in toward the bank.

"Not too bad," said Bob's new friend. "We have covered 15 miles. Lie down flat, Glascott," he ordered, "and relax for ten minutes."

They started again at one and all that afternoon pushed on steadily. Just before

dark they went ashore in a clearing where there had been an old shingle camp. Ki cooked supper while Mr Mellor and Bob had a swim. Mr Mellor fixed up a tent and mosquito nets, and that made all the difference, for about midnight a storm broke and it rained hard for an hour. After that mosquitoes swarmed, but in spite of it all Bob slept comfortably.

Next day was still and sultry. Perspiration dripped from Bob's lean body as he swung the paddle, but he was consoled by the thought that there was no wind to help Jord Crockett on his way.

Bob began to wonder what would happen if they caught up with Crockett. And while he was thinking they drove out of the creek into a long, narrow lake which lay black and gloomy under gathering storm clouds. Ki pointed to a dot far away down the lake.

"Dat's dem," he said; and instantly Mr Mellor turned the canoe in under the trees by the bank.

"They mustn't see us," he said.

Just then there was a vivid flash, a crash of thunder, and with a rattle of huge raindrops and rush of wind the storm broke.

CHAPTER 4
The Short Cut

WITHIN a couple of minutes the lake was a mass of whitecaps in which no canoe could live. Half an hour went by and it grew worse. The thunder and lightning had gone over but the wind blew harder than ever, raising a dangerous sea.

"We're losing a lot of time, sir," Bob said.

"And going to lose more," was the reply. "This gale won't drop before sunset."

Bob's face fell. "Crockett's safe out of the lake. He'll be 20 miles ahead by night."

"Quite that," was the calm answer.

Bob bit his lip and Mr Mellor laughed. "I still have a trick up my sleeve, Glascott. Remember, I have been down here before."

Bob wondered what he meant, then, as it was no use sitting in the canoe, they went ashore and camped. All afternoon it blew a gale, and at sunset the waves were still white-capped.

JACKO OVERREACHES HIMSELF

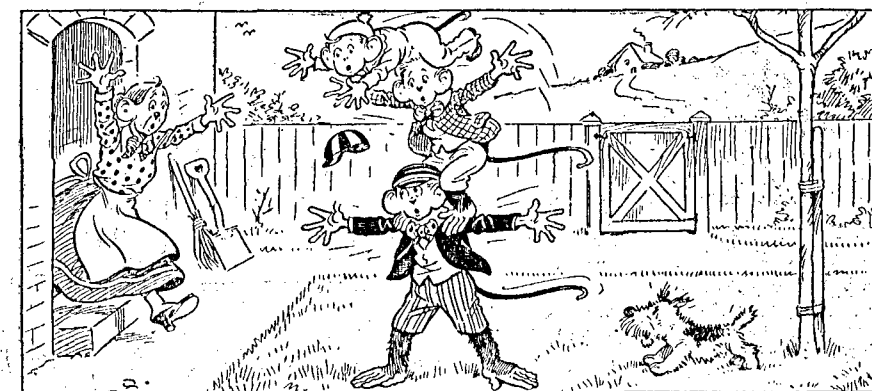
MOTHER JACKO looked up from her ironing to say: "What's all that knocking?"

"It's Jacko," answered Baby, and added brightly, "He's smashing his money-box."

"Smashing his money-box!" repeated Mother Jacko. "What ever for?"

"To get the money out," said Baby.

"He's taking me to the pantomime."



Baby screamed and lurched forward

"Oh, is he?" said Mother Jacko. "That's the first I've heard of it. But it wasn't the last."

The pantomime was Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, and they enjoyed every minute of it.

"Look!" squeaked Baby, when the lights went up. "There's Chimp."

"So it is," cried Jacko.

Chimp had seen them, and came racing across. They all went off together.

"I liked the acrobats best," said Baby. "When they all stood up on each other's shoulders, you know."

"Pooh! That's easy," scoffed Jacko. "We could do that." And as by this

"We may as well spend the night here," Mr Mellor said, and Bob wondered again how he could take things so quietly.

Next morning the wind had dropped a good deal, but there was still a stiff breeze dead ahead.

"We'll keep under the shore," Mr Mellor said as they started.

Huge cypress trees, hung with long trails of grey Spanish moss, stretched their branches over the water. Limpkins fluttered from stump to stump and serpent birds swam with only their long necks above the surface.

Suddenly Mr Mellor swung the canoe straight into the bank. They drove in under the heavy foliage, and to Bob's amazement found themselves in a deep, narrow creek.

Mr Mellor laughed. "Our short cut," he said. "Saves nearly thirty miles. Feeling better, Glascott?"

"Heaps," agreed Bob, and then they began to paddle in earnest. With no wind to bother them they did forty miles that day. Bob slept well that night, and before nine next morning they were in the vast swamp which fills the whole toe of Florida and is called the Everglades.

"Which way in?" Bob asked.

Ki looked round. "Ah don't know, boss. Yo' see, dis all water now. It look different."

Bob was dismayed. "Can't you help us at all?" he demanded.

"Dere was an island wid pine trees, boss. Dis old ship was about a mile west ob dat."

"Take my glasses and climb that big cypress," Mr Mellor said, and Bob did so.

From his lofty perch he could see an immense distance in all directions, but first he looked south-east. His heart thumped, for only about two miles away was a clump of dark green, long-leaved pine trees. It was the only one in sight, and he felt certain it was the right place. Before coming down he swept the horizon with his glasses, and to the north he spotted something which did not please him at all. It was a boat sailing leisurely down the main creek.

He came down with all speed and told the others. Mr Mellor kept quite calm.

"We can beat them to it," he said. "Let's go."

Go they did, and within a quarter of an hour had reached the island.

"Now ah knows ma way," Ki cried, pointing to a small flat island not far away. The others paddled hard across the shallow

water, and presently drove into a little opening in tall grey saw grass. They struck marshy ground, pulled up the canoe and hid it carefully.

"Dis way," said Ki, and the other two, carrying axe and spade, forced their way after him through a tangle of bay trees laced together with wild grape vines.

"Ah found him," came Ki's voice, and Bob stumbled out into a little opening in the centre of which was a hillock of peaty earth covered with palmettoes and tangled growth.

"That's not a ship," said Bob flatly.

"Yo's wrong, Marse Bob. Ah been inside and ah knows," returned Ki, and Bob saw him scrambling through a small hole in the side of the mound. Bob and Mr Mellor followed, and suddenly Bob found himself inside what appeared to be a cave. He switched on a torch, and a cry of amazement burst from his lips as he gazed round.

On each side and overhead were great ribs of solid oak which had withstood the tooth of Time. The ship lay on her side just as she had been left by the tidal wave which had swept her so far inland. Long roots trailed down like ghostly cordage and strange fungus growths gleamed white in the light of the torch. The place had a sour, unwholesome smell. The ground was covered with litter, in which the explorers sank above their ankles. Bob stooped and snatched up something. It was a tarnished gold piece. He turned to Mr Mellor. "Ki was right," he said in a shaking voice.

"He was right," said the other. He spoke to Ki. "Go back to the canoe and watch. If you see Crockett give the cat bird call."

"And now," said Mr Mellor, "we've a busy hour before us."

Busy it was, but very profitable. Gold was everywhere scattered in the dust. Between them they collected more than 700 pieces. There was other treasure too. At one side were bars of silver, each weighing about twenty pounds. They lifted these and passed them out.

An hour went by, two hours—still no sign of Crockett. By this time they had half a ton of silver outside.

"Crockett has stopped for lunch," Mr Mellor said.

Bob looked at the pile of tarnished silver. "But what are we going to do with this?"

Mr Mellor smiled. "Dig a hole and bury it, my lad," said the other. "We can come back for it any time we like."

Bob gasped, then chuckled. "Of course. I only hope we have time."

"Plenty," said the other. "Here's the place." He pointed to a spot where the ground was soft and sandy, and Bob set to work with the spade. Mr Mellor brought the silver to the hole and dumped it in, bar by bar. They were filling in the hole when they heard the cat bird call. Mr Mellor scattered dust and leaves over the surface.

"Tell Ki to come back," he said to Bob.

Bob fetched Ki. The coloured boy was wildly excited. "Dey's real close," he said.

"That's all right," replied Mr Mellor. "Now we will hide."

There was plenty of cover, and they crouched in the bushes close to the galloon. In about five minutes they heard a crashing, and the long, lank form of Jord Crockett, followed by a chunky, thick-lipped Negro, appeared in the little glade. Crockett's small, hard eyes were alight with greed.

"Here's de ole ship," said Cicero. "Yo' mind, I hab half, Marse Crockett."

Crockett did not answer. He saw the hole and dived into it. Cicero followed.

Mr Mellor touched Bob on the shoulder. "This is our chance to get back your boat, Glascott. They'll be busy for some time."

Bob stared. "What—and leave them marooned!" he asked.

"No. They can have the canoe. A little paddling won't hurt them."

Ki chuckled softly. "Do dat fat Cicero good," he agreed. Then all three left their hiding-place and stole quietly to the landing-place. The cat-boat was tied to a tree. Into her they loaded their tent, tools, bedding, and most of the food from the canoe. They left just enough for two men for three days. Within a very few minutes they were afloat. Bob started up the engine and they steered north. Bob spoke to Mr Mellor.

"I can't thank you enough," he said.

"No need to thank me at all, Glascott. I have enjoyed it. What's more, I'll go back with you to fetch the silver."

"Then you'll have to take half, sir."

"Not I. I have plenty. But I will take a few of the gold coins for my collection. If you sell those carefully you should get £4 apiece for them."

"Why, I shall be rich!" cried Bob.

"You, too, Ki."

But Ki wasn't looking a bit pleased. "Ah never seed Cicero's face when he found dere wasn't no gold and dat de boat was gone," he said sadly.

THE END

THE SAFE, SENSIBLE WAY to treat colds

VAPEX

TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Why suffer the discomfort of a cold for a minute longer than necessary? Vapex clears the head—relieves stuffiness and eases the breathing. By inhaling Vapex from your handkerchief, you reach every congested part of the nose and throat, destroying the germs and thus removing the infection.

Deep inhaling with Vapex is the logical way to attack a cold—a method that is safe and sure, and which does not contain harmful drugs.

Cold germs are everywhere



You can catch a cold wherever people gather. In train and bus, in theatre or cinema, millions of germs are breathed into—and from—the air. Then, if you are run down, worried or undernourished, you will catch colds.

Use Vapex as a preventative—a drop on your handkerchief for day long protection.

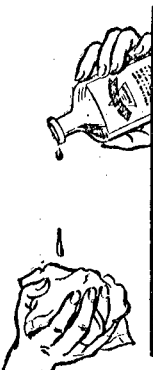
Off to School with Vapex



Classrooms are notorious for spreading colds. A little Vapex on the handkerchief... with instructions to breathe from it occasionally... will keep your children free from colds.

VAPEX KILLS GERMS

You can feel Vapex doing you good—feel your discomfort slipping away from you. For 21 years Vapex has been clearing colds. All over the world many thousands of people use Vapex at the first sign of a cold. Many thousands more use it regularly to prevent colds.



VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT
**DOES NOT
CONTAIN
ANY
DANGEROUS
DRUGS**

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF BY DAY AND ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

It is a sensible precaution to have Vapex handy in the house. Put a bottle in reserve—today—and be ready for prompt action. In its earliest stages a cold is easiest to dispel.

Of all Chemists 2/- & 3/-.

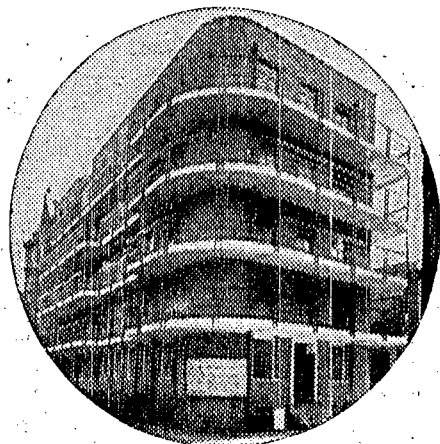
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.

READ THIS TESTIMONIAL FROM
THE MATRON OF A NURSING HOME
"I used to suffer dreadfully
from colds, but have not had
one for four years, entirely due
to using Vapex. I advise all my
patients and friends to use it."
—B. S., Burnham-on-Sea.

V173

SEND YOUR MITE FOR OUR MITES IN THE INFANTS HOSPITAL!

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL.
—the first Hospital of its kind to be founded in Europe—was established in 1903 for the treatment of the diseases and disorders of nutrition. There are now 100 cots; accommodation for seven Nursing Mothers; an Out-patient Department; X-Ray; Artificial Sunlight and Massage Departments; a Research Laboratory; a Lecture Theatre; and a Milk Laboratory. The work carried on in the wards is supplemented by the Convalescent Home at Burnham, Bucks, with eighteen cots.



THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON
VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE.

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1



Teddy never won a race,
Was too tired to make the pace.

Then his mother took advice;

Result - Atora puddings nice.

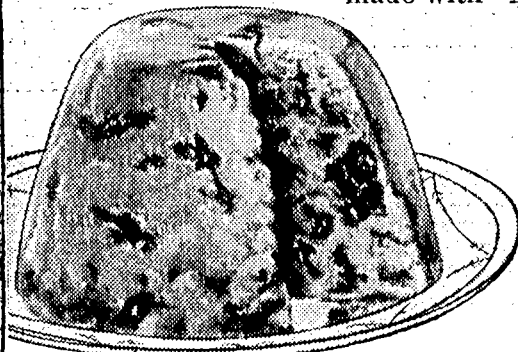
Teddy ate them day by day.

And grew stronger every way.

- Now every race is won by Ted -
Because he is Atora fed!



Medical testimony proves that the children—and adults—with weakly and "chesty" tendencies, who most need nourishing fat, are the ones who don't like it. But "Atora"—the best of the beef—makes up for all deficiencies in diet, and there are very few, young or old, who cannot be tempted with a light and dainty pudding. But it must be made with "Atora."



Send a postcard to-day
for a post free copy of
100 best pudding, etc.,
Recipes, to HUGON & Co.,
Ltd., Manchester, 11.

N.55a

Hugon's
ATORA
THE GOOD BEEF SUET

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDRENS NEWSPAPER

January 29, 1938

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

THE BRAN TUB

Catch Question

JACK went out for a walk with his dog; the dog went not before him, nor behind, nor on one side.

Where did it go?

Answer next week

Fellow Sufferers

WHEN Johnny is naughty and trying, Papa brings a cane, and says, "Though this I must do, it hurts me more than you!" But it's Johnny who does all the crying!

Vegetarians

OF what men can it be said that they belong not to the animal but the vegetable kingdom?

Those whose experience has made them sage.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Jan. 30. Charles I beheaded 1649
31. Franz Schubert born 1797
Feb. 1. Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice, born 1552
2. King Stephen captured at Lincoln 1141
3. Felix Mendelssohn born 1809
4. Thomas Carlyle died 1881
5. Sir Robert Peel born 1788

Famous Books and Their Readers

IN the public library the other day a short man was reading Longfellow, a servant was reading Butler, a jeweller was interested in Goldsmith, an engineer asked for Lever, a fishmonger was reading Shelley, a blacksmith inquired for Locke, a flour merchant read Mill, a lancer asked for Shakespeare, a cheesemonger showed interest in Bacon, and a hedger asked for Hawthorne.

Ici on Parle Français



La miette Le rouge-gorge Le rebord de la fenêtre
crumb robin window-sill

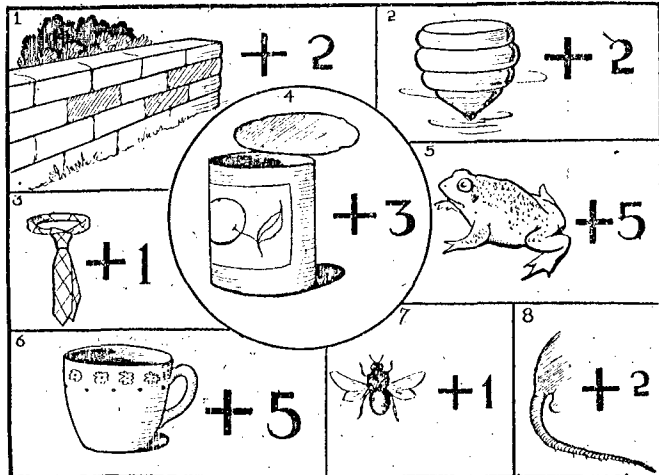
Quel joli petit rouge-gorge! Cherchons des miettes et mettons-les sur le rebord de la fenêtre pour lui.

What a pretty little robin! Let's get some crumbs and put them on the window-sill for him.

The Sleeper in the Sleeper

A SLEEPER is one who sleeps. A sleeper is the railway carriage in which a sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper runs while the sleeper sleeps. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under

Do You Know These Words?



If the number of letters indicated are added to the name of each object shown, new words will be formed. Here are clues to the meanings of the new words: 1. A purse. 2. A precious stone. 3. One of several rows of seats. 4. Inflammable substance. 5. A poisonous fungus. 6. A kind of cabinet. 7. A vegetable. 8. A maker of clothes.

What is This?

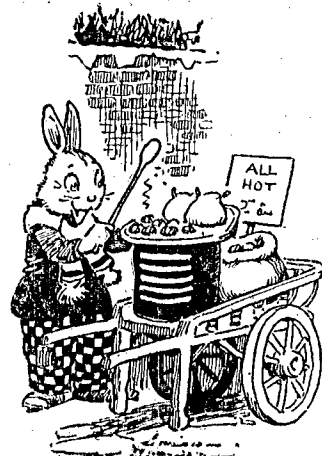
WITHOUT my first, be you black or white,
Day would be dreary as the night;
When in the battle danger beckoned
The brave were always in my second;
When'er the weeds begin to grow,
To use my third pray don't be slow;
My whole, a famous British story,
Is often called its author's glory.

Answer next week

This Week in Nature

IF the weather is favourable the small tortoiseshell butterfly may be seen. This butterfly has a mottled colouring of black and chestnut-brown, like the markings on the shell of the tortoise.

Six a Penny—All Hot



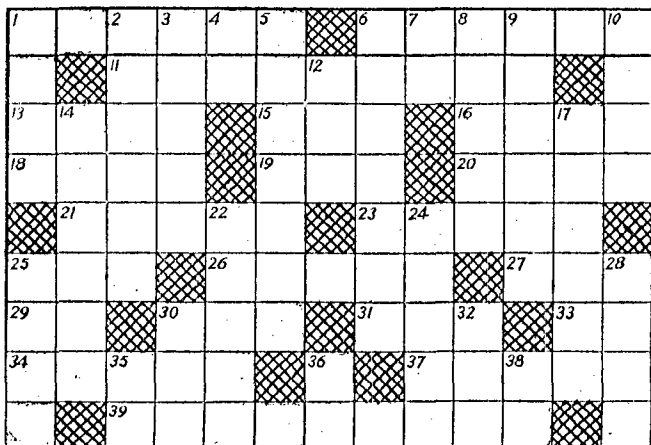
WHEN everywhere is ice and snow
And the stormy winds do blow,
No pleasanter job can I recall
Than running a hot roast chestnut stall.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS
Puzzle Tongue-Twister. Peter Piper
picked a peck of pickled pepper.
Beheading. Skate, Kate, ate.

Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1. Appliance used for pounding substances. 6. Gives off vapour. 11. Conveyance. 13. Solicitude. 15. Recline. 16. Minute particle of matter. 18. Ancient name of Ireland. 19. Part of circumference of circle. 20. Ground on which a building stands. 21. The common viper. 23. Sluggish. 25. Order of British Empire. 26. Consent. 27. A snakelike fish. 29. Bachelor of Law. 30. Length of life. 31. Rest on a chair. 33. Royal Engineers. 34. Weird. 37. This produces an effect. 39. Detainers.

Reading Down. 1. A single step in walking. 2. Walk with long steps. 3. General direction. 4. French for the. 5. To make bigger. 6. A Natural History group. 7. In the direction of. 8. Obliterate. 9. Dress. 10. An indefinite quantity. 12. Knightly title. 14. Land fit for tillage. 17. Furred water animals. 22. Keen. 24. Female relation. 25. To do what is hidden. 28. Welsh national emblem. 30. We breathe this. 32. Black sticky fluid. 35. Royal Academy. 36. Exists. 38. You and me.



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week

Tales Before Bedtime

A Pair and a Picture

THE children were looking at the stream that ran through the woods.

"This is fine!" Lionel said.

"Let's dress up and be Indians in a canoe."

"Feather head-things and all that! Oh, jolly!" cried his sister.

So the children left their little collapsible boat all ready on the bank of the shallow brook while they ran back to the farm where they were staying for dressing-up things.

Presently, with chicken feathers gummed to cardboard head-dresses, clothes made of coloured paper, and with their faces beautifully chalked, they marched back to their boat and pushed off on the water, which was just deep enough to float it.

"Whatever is that going along?" cried Lily suddenly, pointing to a bobbing article floating at a little distance ahead of them.

"Don't know. Paddle hard and see."

"Boots!" burst out the children together as they drew near the mystery, and a minute later they had fished in first one big, new-looking boot, then its mate, to find, to their surprise, that each one had a smart sock tucked inside it.

"Well!" exclaimed Lily, after they had had a good look. "People do throw all kinds of things into rivers, but surely nobody would be so silly as to fling away new boots and socks."

"Of course not," her brother agreed.

They had got some distance upstream when they saw a young man running distractedly about on bare feet.

"Hi! you youngsters!" he shouted, as he caught sight of them. "Have you seen any tramps about? Somebody has stolen my—"

But before he got the word out the children were joyfully waving at him his missing property.

"Well, I'm bothered!" he cried, when he had heard their tale. "Then it was my own fault for leaving them too near the bank. They must have fallen in while I was having forty winks. You see, I'm a newspaper photographer and I had been tramping about in those new boots till my feet were painful. So I bathed them in the stream, then I suppose I went to sleep."

And after he had gone with the children to the farm to dry his boots and socks, he took a picture of his Indians in their boat on the stream, and gave them half-a-crown for the picture he was going to sell of them.

MAGNESIA IS FOUND TO MAKE THE TEETH NOTICEABLY WHITER

Do you want whiter teeth? Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' does to the acid discoloration of tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white.

So get a dentifrice containing sufficient 'Milk of Magnesia,' and its use will immediately wash away every stain. You can actually see the teeth whiten day by day, until they are a clear, natural white. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' will do this every time. Be sure of the dentifrice you use, however; it must contain 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Plenty of people have made this discovery, because dentists have been recommending this new type of dentifrice to their patients. Not only because of its remarkable whitening action, but for acid mouth. Phillips' Dental Magnesia has been found the most effective neutralizer of the mouth acids which cause cavities and cause carefully-filled cavities to fall away from the filling. Even tartar cannot form when 'Milk of Magnesia' keeps the mouth alkaline; teeth are as clean and smooth at the gumline as on polished surfaces.

However, it's the amazing whitening properties of 'Milk of Magnesia' that won such a large portion of the populace to this new type of dentifrice. Women are particularly partial to it, because noticeably white teeth are a true beauty asset. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

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